THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 42. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SAFE IN FRANCE.

O'Brien and Dillon, After Following the Ocean Track of Napper Tandy and Wolfe Tone, Reach Cherbourg.

Reasons of Their Flight From the Tender Mercies of Balfour.

[*Press Dispatches.*]

DUBLIN, Oct. 12.—When it became apparent weeks ago that the government meant to elevate the case against the Irish leaders at Tipperary to the rank of a state trial the Nationalists decided to do their best to spoil the dignity of the proceeding, and success attended their efforts from the first. When on the reassembling of court it was found that the two principal defendants had placed themselves beyond the jurisdiction of Balfour's police magistrates, it had already been demonstrated to the English people how the judicial bench had been shamefully packed with the personal and political enemies of the defendants, and how upon every point of fact and law raised by the counsel for the defense decision had been given unhesitatingly and with indecent haste against the men on trial. But it was reserved for Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien to demonstrate that the government was not only unfair but ludicrously incompetent in the use of weapons of its own selection.

When the court adjourned owing to the curiously opportune illness of one of the defendants most people in Tipperary, except the police, seem to have known that O'Brien and Dillon would not re-appear. Timothy Healy had repeatedly told the court that those gentlemen meant to keep their American engagements, but the statement was treated as a mere boast, and the police, being too thoroughly hated to obtain information from the people, were lulled into false security. It seemed impossible to them that with all the ports swarming with constables and detectives and the defendants systematically shadowed, two of the best known leaders could leave the country unnoticed. But the supposed impossible feat has been easily accomplished, and the Tories are shouting themselves hoarse with important rage.

Their feelings may be gauged by the editorial remarks of the London *Standard*, the typical Tory organ, which, forgetting that both O'Brien and Dillon have given ample proofs of their courage, denounces them as a pair of poltroons: "They have exhibited," shrieks the *Standard*, "a typical act of cowardly selfishness. They have run away in order to save their own precious skins. When menaced with curtailment of their own individual comfort they take to their heels with all the instinctive promptitude of craven natures. It is only natural and proper that dishonest and treasonable agitators who began by advocating systematized robbery should end by absconding."

Sufficient answer to this vile vituperation, which forms the staple of every Tory editorial, is furnished by the fact that at the conclusion of their tour in America it is the intention of Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon to return to Ireland to undergo the sentence of imprisonment which will then await them. The original scheme of the Irish leaders was to press on the trial at Tipperary, with the view either to serve a month in prison, should the minimum sentence be inflicted before crossing the Atlantic, or in the event of a longer term to give notice of appeal and visit America in the interval. But the Irish hands were forced by information which reached Timothy Healy from a sure source of perhaps the meanest trick which this peculiarly mean government intended to play. The counsel for the crown was instructed, in the event of the defendants being found guilty, of which there has never been any doubt on either side, to ask not for a sentence of imprisonment, but that all should be bound in heavy bail to keep the peace for six or twelve months. The government knew perfectly well that O'Brien and Dillon, at any rate, would not give bail, so that they would have been forthwith sent to prison in default for a long term, while the people of America and England would have been invited to note the sad spectacle of men going to jail through their own obstinacy. It was generally assumed that the trial would be adjourned until the return of Dillon and O'Brien, because less than a week ago, when one of the defendants was unable to attend through illness, the magistrates, at the request of the crown counsel, ruled that the case could not proceed unless all the defendants were present; but Balfour's removables do not worry themselves about being consistent, and they cheerfully decided to go on with the trial, as the crown so desired.

The necessary steps are being taken by the government to retreat the bail of O'Brien and Dillon. Healy has raised some ingenious technical objections, and it is probable the matter will be fought out in the superior courts. If the decision should be adverse to the Nationalists individuals will not be allowed to suffer, as the money will be paid from the League treasury. This is the only consolation left for Balfour. He virtually holds a mortgage for £2,000 upon the receipts of the American tour.

During the suspension of the great state comedy at Tipperary a farce was played upon the same boards. The victims of the police brutality witnessed by John Morley summoned the constables concerned for assault, and the crown had the cool impudence to issue cross summonses. The wolf, in fact, accused the lamb of assault and battery. An ex police officer presided on the bench, and five police magistrates helped him, all being directly connected with the constabulary whose conduct was impugned. The result was a foregone conclusion. Their worships decided in favor of the police upon every point raised, and finally the counsel for the plaintiffs withdrew from the case in disgust.

English newspapers are being daily supplied with cablegrams alleging or predicting the collapse of the American Irish Famine Fund. The cablegrams have a prominent position and the biggest type, and evidently afford much gratification to the Tory editors. The week has passed in Ireland without one of the boasted public works advancing beyond the paper stage. Jackson, secretary of the treasury, will return to Dublin to proceed with what is semi-officially termed "his investigations into the proposed light railways in the west of Ireland." He is credited with a desire that at least two railways shall be commenced at once, but no move has been made.

On the other hand, the poor law guardians and clergymen have been meeting in conference and passing resolutions recording the actual state of affairs, and warning the government to be ready to meet a period of widespread distress, if not of actual famine. The English war fund, which has been started to help Ireland in her constitutional struggle, is likely to be productive of good. Mr. Brunner has headed the subscription list with $1,000. An organized effort is being made to get all the Radical and Liberal clubs in the country to subscribe, and a conference of sympathizers with Ireland will be held at an early date at the National Liberal club, London, when the plan of the new campaign will be drawn up.

A ROMANTIC ESCAPE.

DUBLIN, Oct. 15.—*United Ireland* contains the following cablegram from William O'Brien at Cherbourg describing the departure of himself and Dillon from Ireland:

"We have just arrived after a singularly fortunate passage. We rowed out of Dalkey [a suburb nine miles from Dublin] at midnight to a yacht lying two miles off shore. Not an enemy was in sight, and the next morning found us ninety miles away from Dublin towards the Welsh coast with a light breeze and astern. Friday and Saturday there fell a dead calm. Sunday morning we rounded Land's End, but on the Cornwall coast, the wind again died away and we were forced to lie to all day within two miles of the English coast. The crew of the Royal Adelaide, of Falmouth, exchanged greetings with our sailors. The Dublin steamer also passed us. A heavy fog came down Sunday night and buried us from sight. Four steamers around us were blowing fog horns all night. By morning we had cleared the Lizard and darted across for the French coast to get out of the track of British shipping.

We were again becalmed Monday and obliged to beat up the Channel by the Channel Islands. A brisk gale sprang up Monday night and our yacht behaved magnificently. While passing Guernsey after midnight we were apparently pursued closely by a revenue cutter which was evidently unable to weather the gale and gave up the chase. This morning we were running free before the wind for Cherbourg. We landed on French territory, about 11 o'clock. We had reached our last drop of water and ship's oil. All the arrangements worked well, thanks to the Dublin citizen who superintended them and with unparalleled good luck.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Abuses on the Elevated—The New Delmonico—A Baby Hippopotamus.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—A movement has been on foot for a long time past for the purpose of reforming the abuses on the elevated railroads which have become so great as to be almost unendurable. The essence of the trouble lies in overcrowding and lack of accommodation, which cause in their turn slow time and vexations of various kinds. In the morning all the down-going trains are full, and in the evening the up-town trains are packed before they start. No one is liable to get a seat going up in the busy hours of the evening unless he gets it at the start, and then he is virtually called upon a dozen times to give it up or act the part of an ungallant. Nowadays he chooses the latter and allows the women or old men to stand or hustle for seats themselves. The slow time made by the elevated in these days of steam and electricity is simply outrageous. Nine or ten miles an hour is fast time and twelve miles is most remarkable. Add to these inconveniences the dingy old cars, the cinders and the noise and you have an idea of what the New York traveling public suffer. The *Sun* has taken up the subject and is giving it a good airing. If the people will only act a little, instead of grumbling, great good will result.

Work on Delmonico's new building, corner of Beaver and William streets, has been going on for a long time and will soon be finished. It stands on the site of the original Delmonico, so well known to all old time New Yorkers, and when completed will be a magnificent place to take a meal, and a grand down-town resort for bankers, merchants, and brokers. Don't imagine that the up-town establishment is to be abandoned, for in spite of its many later and elegant rivals, it is perhaps as flourishing now as ever. If any change should be made at all it would perhaps be in the nature of a movement further up-town. It has already moved from Fourteenth street to Twenty-fifth, and if fashion demands it, would probably jump to Fifty-ninth street. All this does not prevent the building of a palatial down town establishment at Beaver street. It is a remarkable fact that while New York is every year stretching further and further to the north, its old buildings down-town are being constantly replaced by new and more substantial ones.

The Central Park menagerie has just acquired another interesting attraction, this time in the form of a baby hippopotamus. It is only a week old as yet, but is a healthy specimen of its kind and gives every promise of becoming in time a robust and full grown "river horse." This is the second hippopotamus born in this country and the only one living born in captivity. The little fellow's brother born last December, died soon after from starvation—it would not take its nourishment in the natural way. The new one, on the contrary, takes its meals once every two hours, spending six or seven minutes each time. The little one's color is a whitish brown, much lighter than its parents. It weighs eighty pounds, is three feet long, while its mother is nine feet long and weighs a ton. Nobody is allowed to see it yet except keeper Downey. If things are favorable the public will be admitted to see it this week.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

THE LAST THOUGHT.

[*Ballou's Journal.*]

The incident which gave rise to this poem is very pathetic. An Irishwoman who had prospered well in the land of her adoption, married well, and had a flourishing young family, dying, inquired, of the priest who attended her, "Will my soul pass through Ireland its way to its God?" Those who were around her asked her had not the land she was in been very good, and she in reply praised it, but inquired still of the priest, "Will my soul pass through Ireland on its way to its God?"

"Can you see the mornin' breakin'?
Is the long night nearly o'er?
Sure the day is nigh awakin',
And the sun must rise once more.
Oh! the dawn is past comparin',
As it lights the fresh green sod;
But, will my soul pass through Erin,
As it passes to its God?

"Take these flowers from the window,
They are beautiful I know;
Fairer flowers no one will send you,
You can see no lovelier grow.
Every scarlet head upraises
On a fragrant smelling rod,
Will I see the Irish daisies,
As my spirit flies to God?

"See, the mornin' fair is dawnin',
And the sun is risin' grand;
Push the blinds away this mornin',
I would see the sunlit land.
It is bright, and I am dyin',
Land like this none saw before;
And, when my fond soul is flyin',
Will it pass by Erin's shore?

"Do you hear the wild birds singin'?
Have you ever heard such songs?
Every tree and bush is ringin',
They are singin' now in throngs.
Oh! they set my pulses throbbin',
Though my head is lyin' low:
And, there sang a sweet, sweet robin,
By our cabin long ago.

"Do you hear the rushin' river
Break in thunder and in foam?
Oh! it makes me thrill and quiver—
Grandest river near this home.
Oh! its grandeur's past comparin'
With the Bandon's simple flow;
Will my spirit pass through Erin?
I would see the Bandon go.

"See, that is a mighty mountain,
That far distant doth arise;
Oh! it seems to touch the fountain
Of the clouds up in the skies.
But there was a heathery hillock,
In the fields my fathers trod—
Will I pass to see its beauty,
As my spirit mounts its God?

"I am growin' weak each minute—
This is a grand land I know;
I have made my fortune in it,
And it's full of light and glow.
And my friends for me are earin',
And I see my children bright—
Will my soul pass over Erin,
As it passes on its flight?

"Husband, wealth to me you've given,
And you gave me peace and love;
Darlin', when I am in heaven,
I will bless you from above.
You were gentle and forbearin',
But you cannot understand—
I am Irish, born in Erin,
And I'd like to see its land.

"Father, you to me are speakin'
Of the land I soon shall see;
You are saying—"cease your seekin',
Things like that one cannot be"
But the early scenes, I love them,
And the fields my fathers trod;
Will my spirit pass above them,
As it passes to its God?"

N. ROSS.

Crossmolina.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father Every, of Aurora, has been recently assigned to St. Boniface's church in this city.

The Rev. Father Remfee, late assistant at St. Boniface's church, has been assigned to St. Nicholas' church, Aurora.

The Rev. Father Gennit has been appointed pastor of the new church of St. Mauritius, Thirty-sixth street and Hoyne avenue.

The Rev. F. N. Perry, of the Holy Name staff, is a delegate to the Young Men's Catholic Convention, now in session at Washington.

The Rev. W. O'Brien lectured on Father Mathew before the Young Men's Temperance Society, of the Cathedral parish.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Feehan, of this diocese, will be observed in the Cathedral of the Holy Name Nov. 1.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of the Holy Name Cathedral parish held its regular meeting Monday evening in the hall, Cass street and Chicago avenue.

Mr. Frank G. Rohner, formerly organist of the Jesuit church in this city, now of Kalamazoo, Mich., was recently the guest of F. A. Langlois, of Winthrop place.

The McMullen Court, I.O.F., banqueted the Rev. J. M. Scanlan, of the Cathedral staff, on his return from Ireland, at which 100 plates were laid, and the assembled guests enjoyed a rare treat.

The Rev. Father M. Stack, pastor of the church in Fulton, is badly in need of an assistant. With his own largely increased parish and the adjoining missions under his charge he is breaking down under the work and exposure incidental thereto.

ISLES OF ARRAN.

Miss Mary Banim Makes a Pleasant Pilgrimage to the Mighty Breakwater of Galway Bay.

Scenes and Incidents of the Voyage from the "Citie of the Tribes" to the Famous Islands.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

Four years ago I made my first acquaintance with the Arran Isles, and that acquaintance has left a happy memory that can never fade.

From time to time an antiquarian has described the marvelous historic, or prehistoric, forts, the druidical remains, the numerous ruins of early Christian architecture, all of which make these islands a very paradise for archæologists. Historians have written of the "Islands of Saints," where Christianity was established even in the days of St. Patrick, and to whose shores came all the great saints of that age, to learn lessons of wisdom and holiness from the lips and from the life of the blessed Edna. Botanists have spoken in glowing terms of the beauties and the variety of flowers, plants, and herbs to be found in Arran; while, on the other hand, agriculturists and politicians—notably, among the latter, that trenchant writer, Labouchere—have written of the utter desolation and barrenness of those little spots out in the wide ocean, where no land exists save here and there a patch made by the unceasing labor of the people who call these out-of-the-way deserts "home"—aye, and love them as home.

Then, too, I had been told by those who knew them, of a people the most genuinely Irish, in language and customs, of our race still left in the west of Ireland; a simple, primitive, but highly intelligent people, full of the old kindly ways that have such an irresistible attraction for any thoughtful mind, friendly acts that have such a charm when shown in the simple, unstudied way that proves them genuine. Surely, a little while among such people, away from the selfish world, must do one more good, morally, than a course of the finest sermons from the most eloquent preachers in the world, and more good, physically, than a sojourn at the most fashionable watering place in the kingdom.

[illegible] beyond all these perceptual [illegible] may be

TO VISIT ARRAN,

was, for the strongest of all to me. From the days when I first read that book of books, "Robinson Crusoe," I had longed to taste life on an almost desert island—to taste a mitigated Robinson Crusoe life. Of course, I know from the study of maps that Great Britain and Ireland are surrounded by water, but, for all reality there is about the matter, they might as well be continents, for, from no given point in either country can the ocean be seen all around and be reached on all sides in a day's walk. That is my idea of a genuine island, and that is what I know I could have in Arran, with, besides, complete isolation and loneliness if I wanted them (*i. e.* was in a bad temper), or, again, plenty of human beings to associate with when in good humor. Some friends I already had on the island, whose kind nature I knew would never allow me really to feel loneliness, and I have all my life been too accustomed to our Irish peasantry not to know well the easy road straight to their warm hearts.

It was therefore in high glee at the prospect of a holiday in my favorite way that I despatched a business-like note to "The Proprietor, Atlantic Hotel, Arran Isles, Galway," and that I found myself, a few days later, with a friend on the quay in Galway, asking at the boat office for tickets for the Arran Isles. For days the question had been—would the weather be fine? That, on such occasions, is the chief consideration, for there is this charm about these excursions to the Isles, except in very fine weather, you can't get in, and then it is a chance if you get out again (the natives never say "land on Arran," or "leave Arran"—it is invariably "come in" or "go out"). Therefore there is always a delightful uncertainty in

A VISIT TO THESE ISLANDS,

and this uncertainty was part of the excitement for days before that named for the starting of the "splendid steamer, the City of the Tribes."

And when the day came how we rejoiced to find a morning without a breath of wind and with a cloudy sky that made the air delightfully cool. On the quay was a crowd of pleasure seekers thronging on board the City of the Tribes, and as many more seeing the party off. It had been kindly arranged that we were to be two of a family party of fifteen, and we were welcomed by our relations—for the time being—with as much cordiality as if we had really all been reared together. The crowds in every available spot on board were wonderful, and made me think that the "magnificent" steamer would very likely be swamped before long. Not even an inch of the paddle-boxes was to spare, the outmost edge of one of these being occupied the entire day by a stout and elderly lady in a hat and blue gauze veil, such as are affected by some English ladies on the continent. There the lady, the hat, and the veil sat, and sat, and sat, until at last I earnestly longed for a bad lurch of the vessel just to see if she could fall off.

But to return to the starting of the "magnificent steamer," an old boat that moved on the principle of fair and easy go far in a day. Yet even that old-fashioned method of progress had its advantages, for it gave the passengers plenty of time to see the beautiful surroundings of Galway Bay, and also to make endless pleasant acquaintances among the variety of characters brought so closely together on the narrow decks. As I said before, we found that, for the time, we were two of a family of fifteen, and very agreeable relatives they were; so, feeling entirely at home, I sat quietly enough for a time, looking about me on every side, struck by the strange and dismal formality and stiffness that seemed suddenly to have fallen on the generality of the travelers, who, with the exception of "the family" (who appeared irrepressibly happy), had settled down into silent and sombre beings. I thought that, perhaps, like the Belfast people, the Galwegians took their pleasure sadly, and it was a relief when the band of poor fortune-seekers from Saxony struck up

"THE MINSTREL BOY,"

even though they played it like the "Dead March." The music acted like a charm; it took the chill and shyness off the people; most of them commenced to stir and talk, and at last an entire change broke over the scene, as if the sun had shone out suddenly, and all cheered up and brightened, with the exception of a grim lady opposite to me, who surely considered my hat reprehensible, for she stared stolidly across for half an hour, and so did a nasty little wiry-haired dog she had brought out to see, and held firmly gripped on her knees. I did not care a pin for them. I had set out to be happy, and, determined to be so, commenced at once to see and hear and enjoy whatever was enjoyable in the novel scene around me. Beside me was a tender hearted, plaintive-voiced young lady whom I had seen for the first time in my life five minutes before, and who talked incessantly, telling the names of the various people around, the ways of Galway society (which appeared to have a little embittered her mind), her experiences on her last trip to Arran, when she was "Oh! awfully seasick," and finally, growing confidential, expressed to me her deep admiration for a gentleman standing near. She asked my opinion of him; thought his profile "so nice"; thought it a pity he was "so lame," and admired him because he was "so quiet." I suggested that he could not help being "so quiet" just because he was "so lame"—whereupon the tender hearted young lady left me there, and I feared my nasty realistic way of looking at the quietness she so much admired had wounded her feelings; but no, back she came to make me share a bag of delicious grapes and feel a little ashamed of my ill-nature.

My neighbor on the other side was, without exception, one of the pleasantest, kindliest, gayest, and chattiest women I ever met. She was the matron of the family party, and nowhere could a better matron be found. Never quiet for half an hour, but starting off here or there to look after others, never to look out for herself; seeing who wanted luncheon; if they had had it before, well, they had not taken half enough. Somebody had just met a friend—the friend must surely be hungry, or, if not hungry, then thirsty. She had been resting for over an hour [illegible] was one who had not been sent for the last half hour. She must go and see that the children were happy, and at the same time not annoying anyone. Then, when she did sit down, no one on board had more people coming to talk pleasantly to her, or more to tell of all the people around than had our matron, and I thought it was well nature had given her pretty teeth, for she never ceased smiling. Fat, fair, and scarcely forty, with just enough of the Galway accent to make her quite at home, as she was, and as everyone was with her.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

The inter-state matches for the championship of Munster were played between Cork and Kerry at Limerick. In the hurling Ashaballogue (Cork) defeated Kilmoyle (Kerry). The football match was a stubborn contest between Midleton (Cork) and Killorglin (Kerry), and resulted in a draw.

The Leitrim Gaelic Club has challenged the Roscommon champions to play a game of football.

The Elphin and Strokestown Gaelic Club recently played a most exciting game at Castlerea. The Elphin team won.

The following matches were played at Clontark Park, Dublin, Sept. 28th: Hurling—Thurles vs. C. J. Kickham (Dublin); score: Thurles, two goals and four points; Kickhams, one goal. Football—Young Irelanders vs. Michael Davitts, Drogheda. The Young Irelanders won. The Drogheda men played with only 19 men.

ALL SORTS FROM IRISH PAPERS.

Mrs. Annie Besant is about to visit Ireland. The Dublin Theosophical Society is bringing her over. Mrs. Besant's father was educated in Trinity College, and took out his medical degree in Dublin. Mrs. Besant's lecture in Dublin will be entitled "Why I became a Theosophist." They will proceed to Belfast, where she is announced to lecture on the same evening on "Theosophy and Materialism." Arrangements are being made by a number of Dublin people for a lecture in that city on the labor movement.

The late Mr. E. Mulhallen-Marum, when a young man, was one of the most daring riders to hounds, not only in his native county of Kilkenny, which was always noted for its fearless horsemen, but all through Ireland. One day, some thirty odd years ago, while returning with a few friends from a hunt near the city of Kilkenny, Mr. Marum made a wager that he would ride his horse safely down the stone "Steps of St. Canice," which leads from the cathedral of that name, in the city, to the street below. The stone steps are nearly forty in number, 4½ feet wide, composed of the black marble for which Kilkenny is famed, and polished like glass from long usage. The daring rider accomplished the feat safely, outrivaling the hero of the German legend; and his success was heralded in the press, far and wide. London *Punch*, always Tory and anti-Irish, took a "shy" at him, in its customary fashion, in the following rather halting quatrain:

Harum-scarum Mulhallen-Marum
Rode down St. Canice's steps in Kilkenny:
Had his horse stumbled at all, he'd have got a great fall,
And knocked out his brains—had he any."

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

MYLES NA COPALEEN'S SONG—BY THE LATE DION BOUCICAULT.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,
The river Shannon, full of fish, beside that city flows
But it's not the river nor the fish that preys upon my mind,
Nor with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find.
The girl I love is beautiful—she's fairer than the dawn—
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen Bawn.
And as the river, proud and cold, goes by that famed city,
So, proud and cold, without a word, that colleen goes by me.

Oh, if I was the emperor of Russia to command,
Or Julius Cæsar, or the lord lieutenant of the land,
I'd give up all my wealth—my manes—I'd give up my army,
Both the horse, the fut and the Royal Artillery;
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on their knees;
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas,
And a beggar I would go to sleep, a happy man at dawn
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darling Colleen Bawn!

On the 1st of January, 1889, there were 7,923 males and 7,762 females in district or private lunatic asylums in Ireland. At the commencement of the present year the numbers were 8,115 males and 8,044 females, an increase of 474 persons, or slightly more than 3 per cent.

In Clonegal churchyard is a headstone with a quaint representation of a soldier in ancient uniform—knee breeches and stockings—and a gun on his shoulder, with the inscription—

Here lieth the body
of the spirited volunteer
Henry Browne.
Ddparted 14th May, 1784,
aged 26 years.

In the same churchyard is a headstone to one of the Ralph family, woodranger, with an inscription said to have been written by the Hon. Mrs. Tighe, the author of "Psyche."

A Pleasant Occasion.

The Hibernian Rifle Pleasure Club gave its inaugural reception and ball in Curran's hall last Saturday evening. Shortly after 8 o'clock the first couple appeared, and for nearly two hours the constant stream that passed through the big doors was almost unbroken. At 9 o'clock the signal was given for the grand march. This was led by Corporal Patrick J. Duffy and wife, assisted by Sergeant J. J. Bailey and wife. Among others present [illegible]

Remember: Subscribing to Jimmy Stewart's

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

When Helen awoke the next morning and rang the bell, instead of her maid, it was the old housekeeper, Cauth, who made her appearance, and with a letter in her hand.

"What is that?" asked Helen.

"A letter, dear."

"A letter, Grannie—from whom?"

Her words were not spoken without some alarm, as she noticed the look of trouble that was over Cauth's face.

"From Eugene Lefebre, dear."

"Eugene Lefebre! What should he send a letter for? Where is he?"

"Gone——"

"Gone!" cried Helen. "Gone where."

"I don't know. No one knows. He came late last night or towards morning, and gave this note to Norah for you."

"Does Redmond not know where he is gone to?" asked Helen tremulously, as she mecanically took the letter addressed to her.

'Redmond has not come back yet."

"Where is Sir Trevor—does he know?"

"Sir Trevor has not returned either, Helen."

"Not returned!" said Helen, with a feeling of unaccountable dread rising at her heart. "What happened, Grannie? Tell me. I am sure you are concealing something from me."

"Nothing has happened that I know of, Helen. Don't frighten yourself without cause. Redmond and Sir Trevor are sure to be well. What would happen them?"

"I don't know, Grannie, but I *am* awfully frightened. Who came with Eugene?"

"No one. He came alone. But read the letter, dear. It will tell you all in that."

Helen opened the letter with trembling hands. It contained but a few hastily written lines.

They ran—

"Dear Miss Barrington—or dear Helen, as you have permitted me to call you—I am leaving Seamore without having time to bid you good bye. But I shall see you again shortly. And until I do return, believe me there is not a waking moment that your dear face and pleasant Seamore shall not be in my thoughts. My heart is too full to say more. Adieu, dear Helen. —Eugene."

Helen blushed as she read the concluding lines, and felt how much warmth and love lay behind them. But the feeling of embarrassment quickly gave place to one of trouble as she folded the note.

"He does not say a word in this of where he is going, or why. Nor a word of Redmond. Could Redmond have gone with him? Nor of Trevor Mortimer."

"Why would Redmond have gone with him, Helen? What had Redmond to do with him?" asked the old woman in a more cheerful tone, as she witnessed the distress palpable in her young mistress' face. "Eugene came, my dear, as his father came before him, and it's well he went away without leaving, as his father did, sorrow behind him. I was always afraid ever since the night he came that he would bring, as his father brought, trouble and grief about the house and to the family. I thank God he is gone!"

"And you were so fond of him, Grannie!" said Helen, with tender upbraiding. "And he was so handsome and pleasant!"

"I *was* fond of him Helen aroon," said the old woman, as the tears arose in her dim eyes, "and I was fond of him when his head could not reach the table—for there never was a sweeter or more engaging child; but I am fonder of others, my dear, and others that I am bound for the sake of your father and mother to more dearly and take care of; and, therefore, I say it again, I am glad he is gone. And as to being handsome and pleasant, my dear, there never was braver or pleasanter or handsomer than his father, and see what came of it! See the sorrow and short ending he brought to a young life that never knew care until she looked upon his face."

"I wish you would not be telling me these things," said Helen, and her eyes suffusing with tears; "they bring distress to me."

"Better that distress now, my dear, than life long sorrow and distress—the distress that knows no ending and no relief. It is sad to lose a pleasant acquaintance, and no one can say but that he brightened the house, but it is well that he is gone. I am an old woman, Helen—my hair was grey and my form bent before you were born—and you should be said and led by me. I see the world in a different light from you. Think no more of him. He was a wild bird of passage that but appeared disappeared. But think of *him* that is true and tried, and will always be beside you. And now, Helen, it is time for me to go, and time for you to get up; for Redmond will be coming home shortly. I thought I'd come up with the letter myself, for Norah, the hussy, would be only putting *raimshoguse* in your head."

The old woman's advice had but little effect, or rather the opposite effect to that intended; for as Helen dressed herself when Cauth had departed she had a good hearty cry to herself. The future in Seamore seemed so darkened, wanting the light of his cheery presence! and she felt at once so indignant and mortified and sorry at his abrupt departure without even seeing her! At times her indignation grew so strong that she resolved to think of him no more, as one not worthy of their welcome and their kindness; but the next moment she found herself dwelling on some pleasant incident in their daily lives—on some graceful and marked attention he had paid her—some little trifling event that his innate taste and chivalry had turned into an occasion to give her pleasure.

Helen would have laughed joyously if Kate Howard had hinted whilst Eugene was there, that she seemed to be more attracted by his attentions than by the warmer devotion of Trevor Mortimer. It was so absurd! But now that he was gone it seemed to her as if all the light and grace and beauty had departed from Seamore, and there was nothing but dulness and desolation left. The remembrance of the fact that if the gay sailor had gone, Trevor Mortimer still remained, hardly seemed to abate in the least the sense of loneliness she felt.

"Why, Helen, what's amiss?" asked Miss Howard, as she entered her friend's room and saw the signs of tears in her eyes.

"Read this," said the latter, presenting the letter.

"How absurd!" was the unsentimental remark of the other. "What a mysterious way he has of coming and going. He first terrifies us by his his strange appearance, and then worries us by his equally strange disappearance."

"Is that all you care for the departure of a friend, Kate?" said Helen indignantly, her friend's practical way of viewing the matter grating very harshly on her tenderer nature—"one, too, whom we may never see again."

"Have you never had a friend leave you before, Helen?" asked Miss Howard.

"Of course. Why should you ask that question?"

"Because in that case, Helen, if you did not grieve so much in that parting—and I am sure you did not—there must be something more than usual in the circumstances of this. And yet the idea of your being in love with him, my dear! It could not be."

"I have never said so," said Helen, blushing, "but even if I did, what would there be extraordinary in it?"

"Everything, Helen, my dear—everything. But as you have said you are not, and as I am sure you are not, let us not talk more of it. Come to breakfast. I am sorry, too, he is gone, he was so cheerful and agreeable; but we did not expect him to remain always—did we, my dear? And to tell you the truth, Helen, he was always a little too mysterious for my taste. You remember the alarm he created the first night by his sudden and unexpected coming?"

"The fault was on my side for being so easily frightened," said Helen, rather more inclined to stand up for her late guest now that every one seemed against him, "and not on his for coming."

"True, Helen, but it was a little startling, was it not? And you remember that matter of the glove."

"I had almost forgotten that," said Helen with a slight recurrence of her old alarm.

"Well, I am glad you remember it now, and I don't think you should regret his absence," said her friend, noticing with satisfaction the change in her manner. "Depend upon it, Helen, he is one of these gay foreigners who delight in winning girls' affections for the triumph of the thing, and who make themselves agreeable because it pleases themselves to do so, more than because it pleases others."

Helen said nothing, but, having completed her toilet, descended to the breakfast room with her companion. The mention of the glove, which had previously escaped her thoughts, gave them a new complexion—and a distressing one—but of this she said nothing. It was of a very different character, however, from what Miss Howard inferred.

They had, indeed, sufficient in the conjectures as to what delayed Raymond—who did not turn up at breakfast—to wholly change the subject of discourse. He very rarely remained a night away from the roof, and never at all without previously acquainting them of his intention so to do, and his doing so in this instance gave rise to many conjectures.

Kate was stronger minded, as we have said, than the young lady of the mansion, and, therefore, to arouse the latter's attention from what she considered her morbid fears, suggested a ride before dinner, by which time Redmond would have returned. To this Helen assented.

The day shone, for a November one, bright and bracing. The ground was hard and dry, and the sides of the hills in the distance looked starred with rubies and amethyst in the clear rays of the morning sun. The sea was still and calm along the sands, though farther out the freshening breeze off the land sent the vessels within view sweeping merrily along.

"I think we shall ride along the coast today," said Helen, after they had cantered for some time in silence. "It seems pleasanter than inland. What do you think, Kate?"

"I think, my dear, as we have the day before us, and you need some change, we shall ride inland."

Helen agreed and they turned their horses' heads towards the mountains, where, on the hills overlooking the Dublin coast, they spent an enjoyable hour. The little fishing village of Bray, with its cluster of thatched cottages, embowered in woods, stood to their right, whilst the sea coast thence to Dublin—now almost a continuation of the city and studded with mansions—lay in unbroken solitude. To their left the city, lying close together as befitted one of the "walled towns of the Pale," centered upon the Liffey; for the splendid and stately townships of Rathmines, Rathgar, and Pembroke were then undreamt of, and the districts they now occupy were covered with gardens and orchards.

A quick ride brought them back within sight of Seamore.

"As we did not take the sea route in the morning," said Helen, "suppose we do so now. The tide will be in, and once we get out of this scrub a canter along it will be very pleasant."

"As you please," said her companion assentingly. She was glad to see that the paleness of her friend's face, arising from the news of the morning, had given place to a rosy look of enjoyment. "The sea is really pleasant today. Let us canter along this bypath here, and have a gallop over the meadows. I am glad you are enjoying the ride—Oh, Moya! is that you?"

The address was delivered to an old crone who had arisen from a seat by a bush on the narrow pathway, and whose sudden appearance had caused the horses to swerve violently.

"Why, you have frightened the horses, Moya," said Helen. "What brings you out so late? You cannot expect to meet anyone to tell fortunes to at this hour?"

"And why not, acushla?" said the old woman, leaning on her staff and peering curiously at them both from under her disengaged hand. Why not? Is there anywan in the world, gentle or simple, that wouldn't like to hear what's comin' to them with the winds of heaven and the flow of the sea day after day? Is there anywan humankind to whom the year that's comin' won't bring changed fortunes that they might be wishin' to hear?"

"If there be not, Moya," said Helen, laughing, "there must a great deal of simple people in the world."

"Maybe ay and maybe no," said the old woman, with a peculiar significance. "There are many that think themselves fortunate an' happy when from parts unknown the very waves are carrying and the wind of heaven hastening to 'em sorrow and trouble they know little of and dream little of. And there are others that cry salt tears over misfortunes that if they only knew about as I do they would look upon as brightest blessings."

"Well, Moya, I was always an unbeliever; I am afraid I shall remain so."

"Avoch, an' it's many is the sore day people had for that same thing," said the old woman, "an' many a wan hastened the wearin' ov their shroud for want ov listening to Moya's advice. An' maybe it's yourself that's havin' the sore heart—if you'd only let on, Helen Barrington—for what you 'ud rejoice at if you only knew it as well as I do."

"What's that you say, Moya?" asked Helen, but faintly catching up the meaning of the old woman's words. She had been letting her horse go forward, and the motion prevented her hearing them exactly. She now reined back the animal and gazed on the old woman's face with wonderment.

"What's that you said, Moya?"

"What I've said is said," said the old crone mysteriously and with apparent indignation, "an' you'd have saved yourself many hours of sorrow an' woe if you had hearkened to Moya's advice when she offered it to you."

"You are speaking in riddles, Moya," said the young girl, grievously disturbed. "What *do* you mean? What are you talking about?"

But Moya, leaning on her crutch, had hobbled into a sheep track that led to her cabin by the seashore, and, as they well knew from her habits and character, was quite unlikely to come back again to them.

There was nothing for it but to proceed on their journey homewards, which somehow they did with but little of the elasticity and enjoyment of heart they possessed when they had first been startled by her appearance.

"What in the world does she mean, Kate? There must be some dreadful meaning behind her words. She has made me feel dreadfully alarmed."

"What does she mean, Helen dear?" reiterated Kate, who herself felt but little at ease. "Nothing. Have we not heard her rhapsodies dozens of times before?"

"Yes, I know. But she seems to have more meaning in what she says now. I know she has by the way she looked and spoke."

"What meaning would she have? You surely do not believe in her powers of fortune telling?"

"No; but she has such wonderful acquaintance with everything and everybody that I am sure she is predicting some misfortune."

"Predicting, Helen?"

"Well, no; but she certainly knows of it somehow. Could you remember what she said? I cannot remember a word of it, she so alarmed me."

"I was not paying attention enough to remember—nor indeed is it worth while," said Miss Howard brightly. "I remember, however, that she said something about people sorrowing over troubles which may not turn out troubles after all, but blessings—which, indeed, is perfectly true, though old Moya said it. But the mists are rising, dear, and the dusk is gathering. Let us go quicker."

"I hope Redmond has returned. I hope she augured no evil to him," said Helen, whose heart was but little rejoiced by her companion's words.

"Why should she augur evil to him or you? You have never done her harm. You have always been friends with her."

"She was always made welcome whenever she came—when father and mother were there—which was seldom, I don't know why. But I know well they always more or less dreaded her. I don't know why, either."

"But they never offended her?"

"No. They were always kind to her as to others."

"And Redmond and you the same?"

"Yes."

"Then, Helen, she would have a blacker heart than most of her kind to croak evil to you or of you. But she has done neither, you will find. She has been only airing some of her crazy follies. Come quicker, dear."

"The remainder of the ride was performed in silence, for the dusk was falling and the white mists arising from the sea were still further darkening the landscape. The scrubby ground they were traveling over was not pleasant in the dusk.

Arrived at Seamore, Helen dismounted, threw the bridle to one of the men, and gathering her riding dress in one hand, walked gravely towards the hall door, up the steps, and into the hall.

"Cauth—Grannie!" she said, in a burst of anxiety. But a look at the old servitor's face, with the signs of anxiety also thereon, caused her to recoil, and the question died unspoken on her lips.

"Redmond has not returned, Grannie?" she said as soon as she recovered her speech, interpreting the look upon the other's face.

"There is no cause for alarm in that, Helen dear," said the housekeeper; but her assurance came on unheeding ears. Indeed her looks belied them.

"O Grannie! Grannie! I know something has happened him, for he would not remain away without telling us. Could he have gone with Eugene? I feel an unaccountable dread of something having happened him."

"What would happen him, aroon? Men are not accustomed to go astray. There is many a thing to keep men away for a day or two when they meet friends. He may have met some of his cousins and gone to Kildare for a day's shooting."

"So he might, Grannie," said the young girl, much relieved all at once by this suggestion, which she knew to be a very likely one. "I hadn't thought of that."

He had not infrequently before driven down with his friends to their place in the country from Dublin; but then it was mostly by appointment. Still it was not unlikely—quite the contrary, it was very likely—that having met them accidentally he had taken the notion and driven down with them. Helen felt quite rejoiced, and the weary load of forebodings that pressed at her heart since morning was greatly lightened.

"But I'll tell you who has returned," said the housekeeper.

"Not Eugene!" said Miss Howard, who had rejoined her friend.

"And why not Eugene?" laughingly queried and interrupted Helen, whose spirits gradually rose to their accustomed lightness in the warmth and protection of home. "Who is it, Grannie?"

"Trevor Mortimer."

"Trevor Mortimer," said Helen, with a voice of pleasure, but in which there was also a tinge of disappointment, for, in spite of herself, she was hoping that it really might be Eugene. "I did not expect him."

"And he is not the less welcome for that, I trust," said the gentleman in question, coming forward. He had been standing in the shadow of one of the pillars of the spacious hall, an unseen and unobserved listener to the conversation that passed.

"No, indeed, Sir Trevor—the pleasure is only the greater for that. But how strong you are looking! You have quite recovered."

"Quite. And I am none the less improved for seeing yourself and Miss Howard again. But I am sorry to hear that our friend has left. I had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing both gentlemen again this evening."

"Mr. Eugene Lefebre has disappeared nearly as mysteriously as he came," said Miss Howard, as she warmly welcomed the new come, "and that was mysteriously enough in all conscience."

"How good it was of you to visit us when the others had deserted us," said Helen. "I don't know what what we should have done this evening. Do you, Kate?"

"Sir Trevor is always true to his trust—perhaps I should say, true to his tryst. He is most chivalrous in his disinterested championship of foreign ladies," said Miss Howard with malicious good nature, which not a little embarrassed Kate.

"I am sorry trysts are not for such as I," said Mortimer, joining, with easy self-possession in the raillery. "I am too matter-of-fact and unromantic for that."

"What a good natured soul!" said Miss Howard, taking him by the arm with charming familiarity. "One always knows where to find *you*—don't they?"

"I trust my friends always will—and my enemies too," said he, not a little proudly.

"If such a dear fellow could have enemies—a sheer impossibility, I take it," she said.

"I am afraid this," said he, pointing to where the wound over his breast was, "showed the impossibility was very possible indeed. It was bad enough—don't you think so?"

"Your heart?" said she, maliciously mistaking his reference. "I did not think it was so bad as that. I gave you credit for one that was large, open, and chivalrous."

"It was large and open enough," said Mortimer, pretending not to hear her earlier words, "but as to being chivalrous, I fear it lacked something of that high quality."

"Touching dinner, Grannie," interrupted Helen, who had been an amused listener to this bit of repartee, "if this pair would descend from their high world of compliments and entertain the idea, I should be glad of it. I shall not object to it, whoever else does."

"After a ride of some fourteen miles—it was that, was it not, Helen, dear?—I don't think I shall have any scruple against it, either."

"If Sir Trevor would only do us the favor to——" suggested Helen.

"No entreaties necessary, my dear Miss Barrington. I came a very long journey myself today, intending to dine with my absent friends, but I do not see that I shall sorrow much for their absence under the circumstances!"

"Well, Grannie?"

"It is ready at any moment, and can be served at once."

The ancient housekeeper, as was her wont since the death of Helen's parents, presided at the table—a position her long standing and the affection entertained for her by Helen and Redmond, readily accorded her. The former took her place at the lower end; and, with Sir Trevor at one side and Kate Howard at the other, a very pleasant and agreeable entertainment was entered upon.

The ruddy glare of the fire—not at all unpleasant in the lowering darkness of a November night—and the brilliant light from the chandelier overhead—for it was long preceding the era of gas—coupled with the musical laughter of the girl's lips, made it a scene of rare happiness and enjoyment.

For the time there was no shadow of care or misfortune. If ill bodements were near, they must have stowed themselves away in the shadows thrown by the burning logs and so hidden themselves, for they did not otherwise dim the scene; and no thought of the fate of him who slept in the Thunderer, 74 line-of-battle ship—with death on the yardarm at sunrise for the pale watcher over his slumbers—came to them; nor thought of him also unaccountably absent—and *not* gone to Kildare.

Verily Moya was not far astray when she said—"There are many who think themselves fortunate when, from parts unknown, the very waves are bearing and the very winds hastening sorrow and trouble to them they little know of and little dream of."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Medice Nostis Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

Failiseacht fir dligheo, 's fóchnaoid áird-neirt,
Cam, caighaois, faillith 's fadhbhar.
Sgamaill a n-dligh, no fíor-dhath fann-chirt,
Dalladh le breib, le fís, le failiseacht,
A bh-farradh gach fíor, fuigheall nfor fágbhadh,
Do dhearbhag díbligh air Bhíobla an lá san,
Cúis, dar n-dóith, ná geabhair-se saor tríd,
Cno na h-óg dá feógh le faoirus.
'S easnamh daoine suighte air Eirinn,
Mheath led' chuimhne an sfoirsch daona,
Is folamh 'sas tráighte fágbhadh tíorthadh,
An cogadh 'san bás gan spás dá n-díogadh,
Uabhar na righthe, 'sar imthig tar sáile,
An uair nach deinean sibh tuille 'na náit díobh.
Is dár bhúr n-iomad gan siorraig, gan sfoirsch,
'S mná na muirear air muir, 's air tíorthadh,
Cíúsaig chorporthadh, 's borracaig óga,
'S búnsaig bhrothallach fóla agus feóla,
Lóstaig liosto, 'gus liostathaig shásta,
'S mórgaig shiosgaidhthe d'imthig a bhásta.
Is truagh gan toirchess tollairighe an t-sórt-so,
Is truagh gan tormach broilaig 's tóna iad,
Is minic iad ollamh an folai dá bh-fagbdaois.
A tuitim da mogull, 's molaim-se a bh-foídhneadh;
Is e cineadh le saoithe ag críoch na cómhairle,
A n-ionad na daoirse d'inseadh dóibh sin,
Duine do 'n bhuídhean bhí líosta a g-cómhachtadh,
Air thuitim an díele suigh a bh-Fodhla.
Tairgion Aoibhill, croídhe gan aon locht,
Caradh na Mumhneach, sigh-bhean léith-chraig,
Sgaradh le saoithibh sighe na sluagh-so,
'S agathamh a sgaoile daoirse a d-Tuamhain-so.
Do gheall an mbíonladh mhín-tais chóir-so,
Failiseacht dligh do chiaoidh go cómhachtach,
Seasamh a d-teanntadh fann 's faon-lag,
'S caithfeadh an teann bheith ceannsa, daona,
Caithfeadh an "Neart" do'n cheart so strícoadh,
'S caithfeadh an "Ceart," ne cheart bheith suighte.
Gealim anois nach eils ná cómachtadh,
Caradas *Mise* ná *Pimp*, ná cómbdhalta,
Do chiurfeas tríd an dligh so ghnáith,
San chúirt na suighfeadh an sfoirsch neamh dha.
Tá'n chúirt-seo seasamhach feasta san bh-Fracail
Síúbhail-sí? freagair í? caithfeadhtu triall ann,
Síúbhail gan tafan go tapa air do phriacail
Síúbhail no streafad san lathaig am dhiaig tu
Do bhuail sí crúcadh am chúl, 'sam chába,
'S do ghluais sí liom go lúbach, láidir,
Do sguab lé sfos me tré na gleanntadh,
Chnoic Bhéin-bhuídh 'sgo befan an teampaill.
Is deimhig go bh-facadh me air laso le tóirsighe,
Teaghlach taithniomhach, maiseamhach, mórgach,
Scíllseach, seasamhach, lasamh úil, lóurach,
Taidhbhseach, tathagach, dangion, deagh-dhóirseach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first grest strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory street, New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Deshler sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Curran, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2939 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 33th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3249 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, C.S.S.R., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Sedgwick sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 335 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 324 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Montezuma st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2454 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 425 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Cegood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

MARUM—At Listowel, Sept. 21, Edward Mulhallen Marum, M. P. for North Kilkenny, aged 69 years.

MULQUEEN—At St. John Square, Limerick, Sept. 16, in her 75th year, Bridget, relict of the late John Mulqueen, and daughter of the late Edward Carmody, Ashcroft House, Limerick. Her remains were interred at Raheen, and were followed to the grave by her sister, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, and brothers Terence and Daniel Carmody, accompanied by a large cortege of friends.

MULCAHY—At Cahir, Sept. 19, Michael Mulcahy, aged 58 years.

MCDONNELL—At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Mulcahy, Dillon's Cross, Cork, Sept. 26, Timothy McDonnell.

MURPHY—At her residence, No. 6 Clarence street, Cork, Sept. 26, Mary, relict of the late Edward Murphy.

MCSWINEY—At No. 22 Bandon road, Cork, Sept. 25, Catherine, wife of Eugene McSwiney.

BARRY—In Dublin, Sept. 30, Hannah Maria, widow of the late J. J. Bird, of Banagher, King's county.

FINN—At her residence, Quay, New Ross, Sept. 27, the beloved wife of Thos. Finn.

KEOGH—At his father's residence, Thomas' lane, Dublin, Sept. 29, William Keogh, eldest and beloved son of Walter and Catherine Keogh, late of No. 2 Temple street, Dublin, newsvendor.

LIGHTBURNE—Sept. 30, at Lough a Trym, Knockerville, county Westmeath, Elizabeth Henrietta, wife of W. J. Lightburne.

SCOTT—At Ballacolla, Queen's county, Sept. 25, Edward J. Scott, aged 39.

DEACON—Sept. 24, James Deacon, late of Ryland, county Wexford, aged 68 years.

DUNNE—At his residence, Ballysize, Naas, Sept. 24, Thomas Dunne.

HANLEY—At No. 35 St. Kevin's road, Dublin, Sept. 25, James, second son of the late James Hanley, aged 26 years.

MOONEY—At his residence, Knox street, Ballina, Sept. 24, W. C. Mooney, aged 47 years.

TRONSON—On Sept. 24, at Fanevalley, county Louth, John Tronson.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

GONE TO ETERNAL REST

Death Finally Claims Justice Samuel F. Miller.

DEEP-FELT REGRET IN WASHINGTON

A Brief Biographical Sketch of One of the Grand National Figures of This Generation—Only One of the Justices Appointed by Lincoln Now on the Supreme Bench—Arrival of President Harrison at Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14.—Justice Samuel F. Miller is dead. At 10:52 o'clock Monday night the last lingering spark of life that held the agonized family in suspense went out, and one of the grand national figures of this generation has gone to his eternal rest. During the few days that the distinguished jurist has hovered on the brink of dissolution much has been

JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER.

written of his life and public services, and little of a merely biographical nature remains to be said. Samuel Freeman Miller was born April 5, 1816. His father emigrated from Reading in 1812 to Richmond, Ky., where the future justice of the supreme court was born. His mother's parents removed to Kentucky from North Carolina before her birth.

A Graduate in Medicine.

His early years were spent upon a farm, but the drudgery of agriculture was a source of discontent to him and employment in a drug store gave him the opportunity for reading medicine. He graduated in the medical department of Transylvania university when 23 years of age, and entered upon the practice of medicine in Knox county. He had been married in the meantime and had begun the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1847. In 1862 President Lincoln appointed Mr. Miller as associate justice of the supreme court. At the time of his death he was the sole remaining appointee of Mr. Lincoln on the bench except Justice Field.

A Great Public Favorite.

Justice Miller was the orator at the constitutional centennial celebration at Philadelphia Sept. 15, 1887, on which occasion he delivered a learned and splendid oration. In society and with the Washington public generally Justice Miller was a great favorite. In common with the other members of the supreme court he was a great diner-out. He was a familiar figure on the street, often walking the entire distance from his home to the capitol, about two miles. It is not too much to say that the striking down of no one else would have caused so widespread or so deep-felt sympathy in this community and throughout the country at large as did that of Samuel F. Miller.

The Slaughter House Cases.

The most important decision of Judge Miller's career was in the slaughter house cases. They had been twice argued in the court, and the decision had been withheld for a year. Mr. Miller held that while the constitutional amendments secured liberty, suffrage and equality of civil and political rights to the African race and placed the protection of these rights, and others belonging to the citizens of the United States, under the control of congress, the right of the states in regard to the control of domestic and internal legislation remained unimpaired otherwise than as above expressed. (16 Wallace, 36.) It was the line of argument in the decision which led to the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the civil rights bill.

THE PRESIDENT AT WASHINGTON.

He Says His Trip of 3,000 Miles Was a Very Pleasant One.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14.—The president returned to Washington at 8:45 o'clock Tuesday morning. His private car, the Haslemere, was a part of the fast express of the Pennsylvania railroad. The president was accompanied on his return by Secretary Tracy, Marshal Ransdell, Private Secretary Halford, Mr. Tibbett, the stenographer of the executive mansion; Mr. Bishop, of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and Mr. Bain, the correspondent of the United Press. The presidential party breakfasted on the Haslemere just as the train was leaving Baltimore Tuesday morning. The president remarked at breakfast that it had been "a very pleasant trip." He has come through the ordeal of constant speaking, dining and hand shaking and through the 3,000 miles of railroad travel in excellent physical condition. The president was met at the station by Mr. Pruden, the executive clerk, and Capt. Dinsmore, the chief usher of the White House. Two carriages were in waiting and the president, with Secretary Halford, was driven direct to the executive mansion.

Will Visit the Battlefields.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14.—The count of Paris, who returned to Washington Monday night from his southern trip, left the city early Tuesday morning for a visit to the battlefields of western Maryland and in Pennsylvania. The count and his friends were accompanied by a number of distinguished veteran officers of the war. Among them were: Gens. Slocum, Howard, Sickles, Newton, Hayes, Butterfield, Doubleday, Wright, Pleasanton and Gregg. They will visit Harper's Ferry, Bolivar heights, the Shendoah valley, Antietam battlefield, Pen Mar to review the line of Lee's retreat and Gettysburg. From Gettysburg the iron works of interior Pennsylvania will be inspected, and as the count has displayed a great desire to see the greatest inventor of his time, the party will visit Edison at Menlo park at his invitation.

New Bank at Columbus, Ohio.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14.—The National bank of Columbus, Ohio, capital $300,000, has been authorized to begin business.

Limerick dockmen have struck for an increase of wages.

GONE TO HER REWARD.

Burial at London of the Wife of Gen. Booth.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—The burial of Mrs. Booth, wife of Gen. Booth, of the Salvation army, presented a remarkable scene. The interment took place at Abney Park cemetery, which was filled with an immense assemblage, though the admission was by ticket only. The procession from Olympia to the cemetery was fully two miles long, and, passing through the prominent thoroughfares from Blackfriar's bridge, along the Thames embankment, mansion house, Bishop's Gate street and Shoreditch, attracted an enormous concourse of spectators. A dense fog prevailed and lent appropriate gloom to the scene.

Carried the American Flag.

The Salvation Army soldiers appeared in full uniform, but, in accordance with Gen. Booth's request, wore no other mourning than a white band around their right arms. Traffic was entirely interrupted during the passing of the parade. The American flag was carried conspicuously in the procession as a symbol of friends and relatives in America who were unable to be present. The ceremonies at the grave included Salvation Army songs, prayers and the reading of Scriptures. Gen. Booth made the address and himself dismissed the throng with the benediction.

Mrs. O'Conner Is Insane.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—Mrs. O'Connor, wife of Arthur O'Connor, member of the house of commons for East Donegal, who was found Sunday unconscious, with one of her thighs broken, and who, it was believed, had fallen from the platform of the Walworth Street station to the street below, received her injuries in an attempt to commit suicide. She is insane. She is now in an asylum. Her condition is critical.

Death of an Oxford Professor.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—Professor Thorold Rogers died Monday at Oxford. He had been for many years one of the best known figures in the University of Oxford, where he was professor of political economy from 1862 to 1868. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Scarborough in 1874, and was returned for Southwark in 1880.

The Armenians are Raising Cain.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 14.—The Armenians and Druzes have blown up a portion of the barracks at Silensia, Syria, killing forty Turkish soldiers. The Armenians then invaded the government building and killed the governor. They robbed the treasury and released all the prisoners.

A STAGE ROBBER CAPTURED.

He Proves To Be a Boy of About 18 Years of Age.

UKIAH, Cal., Oct. 14.—The overland stage was robbed Sunday night eighteen miles north of this place. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box and the United States mail were taken. While the robber was cutting the mail sacks open Driver McDaniels snapped a pistol at him, but it would not go off. The robber retreated and fired two shots at the driver, neither of which took effect. The robber was caught at Cloverdale in the afternoon. He proved to be a boy about 18 years old, a stranger in this community. He traveled some sixty miles afoot before he was captured. He succeeded in getting about $100 from the stage. He has admitted that he committed the crime.

War on the Card Players.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 14.—When the circuit court convened in criminal session at Lexington, Mo., Monday Judge John E. Ryland in making his charge to the grand jury ordered them especially to investigate reports that games of cards for money, known as progressive euchre and high five, were indulged in at private residences. He ordered the grand jury to return indictments against all card players, no matter how high in social position they might be. He also told them not to discriminate in regard to sex, and declared he wanted the breaking of the law stopped.

They Like the One-Flag Idea.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 14.—There was a big celebration here Monday of the seventy-eighth anniversary of the battle of Queenstown Heights, where Gen. Isaac Brock fell while repelling American invasion. At one of the largest public schools Rev. C. J. Bishop, Methodist minister, said he would be glad to see an American flag entwined with the Canadian to show that no unfriendly feeling existed. At this some one produced an American flag. Hisses were heard and some called out: "Take it down; throw it out," and it was taken down.

Disappeared with the Money.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Oct. 14.—Frank Gorman, whose mother, Mrs. Carrie Vandergrift, was accused of attempting to take his life by administering croton oil, has mysteriously disappeared. On Thursday last Mrs. Vandergrift gave him $2,500 with which to pay her dues in a building and loan association. Instead of paying the dues Frank disappeared. Since the trial of his mother he has been living with her.

Bank Failure at Aberdeen, S. D.

ABERDEEN, S. D., Oct. 14.—The well-known and old established banking house of F. H. Hagerty & Co., closed its doors Monday afternoon, having assigned to Ira Barnes and J. O. A. Braden for the benefit of creditors. As near as can be learned the liabilities aggregate $240,000. The assets will run from $230,000 to $250,000, consisting of bills receivable, bank and other stock and real estate.

Died in Terrible Agony.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. J., Oct. 14.—Jonathan Risley, a farmer, aged 84, fell asleep while sitting near a stove at his home, but was awakened by his coat catching fire. He rushed to the yard where his cries brought a neighbor who smothered the flames. He was carried into the house and died two hours later in terrible agony. He leaves a wife and several adult children.

Her Babes Burned to Death.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 14.—Ann Aldrich, of 113 Sullivan street, went to the grocer's leaving her month-old twin babies in a crib near the kitchen stove. She returned in ten minutes and found the babies burned to death.

Loss to the Base Ball Organizations.

NEW YORK, Oct 14.—Allen W. Thurman says that the lowest possible estimate of the losses of the three base ball organizations for the last season is $500,000.

REPORTS FROM THE HARVEST.

What the Department of Agriculture Has to Say of the Yield.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 11.—The October estimate of yield per acre for the entire breadth of cereal crops, as calculated by the department of agriculture, are: Winter wheat, 10.8 bushels per acre; spring wheat, 11.5; the wheat crop, 11.1; oats, 29.8; barley, 21; rye, 11.8. The condition of corn is 70.6, instead of 70.1 last month; buckwheat, 90.7, instead of 90.5; potatoes, 61.7, instead of 65.7; tobacco, 85.4, instead of 82.4. There is practically no change in the general average of condition, except a reduction of four points in potatoes and an increase of three points in tobacco.

Wild Variation in Reports.

Some of the higher rates in principal states are: New York 15.2, Pennsylvania 12, Ohio 12.5, Michigan 15.2, Illinois 11.5, Missouri 11.3, Kansas 13.5, California 12, Oregon 15. The crop made a very low yield throughout the South, where the acreage is small. In the Ohio valley the variation in yield, in different counties, as on farms in the same county, has an extraordinary range, from five to twenty-five bushels, and in extreme cases from one to thirty bushels. One county in Illinois claims "the best crop in years," and another "a poorer crop than was expected."

Heavy Reduction in Oats.

The Rocky mountain areas made high averages in spring wheat on limited areas. The Dakota yields, varying from a bushel or two to twenty-five bushels, make an average 9 bushels per acres; Minnesota returns 12 and Wisconsin 12.5 bushels. The estimated yield of oats is 19.8 bushels per acre, which is the lowest ever reported, probably reducing the aggregate product more than 300,000,000 bushels.

FLED FROM IRELAND.

Dillon and O'Brien Give the Tipperary Court the Slip—Off for America.

TIPPERARY, Oct. 12.—When the court was opened to continue the hearing on the summonses against the police for assaulting the populace gathered in the vicinity of the court house on the occasion of the beginning of proceedings against Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien it was found that neither Mr. Dillon nor Mr. O'Brien was present. Rumors are current that both gentlemen sailed from Queenstown for the United States. Both of the Irish leaders were on Monday last at the conference of the Irish National party, held in Dublin, designated as members of the delegation to visit America and present the political position in Ireland as it exists. They are also instructed to enlist the sympathy and aid of the American people in behalf of the famine-threatened Irish peasantry.

The Report Confirmed.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The startling report which reached this city from Tipperary to the effect that the Irish leaders, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and departed from the country is confirmed. There is little, if any, doubt that their objective point is the United States. Bail in the case of both Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien will at once be estreated, and already the announcement is made on behalf of the Irish National league of its intention to recoup the sureties. The escape has excited great admiration and enthusiasm in the ranks of the Nationalists, both in England and Ireland, while the government is confused by the readiness with which officers, cautioned to be especially on the alert, have been hoodwinked.

Mary Anderson's Insane Lover's Crime.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—James M. Dougherty, the insane lover of Mary Anderson-Navarro, the well-known actress, Friday afternoon shot and killed Assistant Superintendent Dr. Lloyd, of the Kings county insane asylum, at Flatbush. He then went to the Kings county hospital to kill Dr. Arnold, one of the surgeons, but that gentleman was not there at the time. Dougherty then came to New York city, where he was arrested and locked up. He escaped only a short time ago from the insane asylum.

Turkish Gunboat Blown Up.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—Particulars of the loss of the Turkish frigate Ertogroul on the coast of Japan was received by the steamer Belgiac. The steamer drifted on the rock in a gale and her boilers exploded. There were 630 officers and men aboard. Six officers and fifty men reached shore, many of them maimed by being dashed on the rocks. Admiral Osman Pasha in swimming ashore was struck by a spar and drowned.

Destructive Hail Storm.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Oct. 13.—A terrible hail storm passed over the south part of this county early Sunday morning. Windows on the northwest side of buildings were broken, buildings were unroofed by the wind, and trees, fences, and corn crops leveled to the ground. The town of Lehigh is flooded over the first floors by water. The damage will reach many thousands of dollars.

First Corean Born Here.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 13.—The Corean legation was honored Sunday by the presence of a little stranger in the person of a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Ye Cha Yan. In the absence of a minister from Corea, Ye Cha Yan is now charge de affairs at the capital. This event is significant in the fact that the young gentleman is the first "native born" Corean in the United States.

The Engineer Killed.

PRINCETON, Ky., Oct. 13.—The through freight that passed here at 9 o'clock Sunday morning was wrecked near St. Charles, a station eighteen miles east of here, and the engineer, John Nickels, killed. The accident was caused by leaving a section car loaded with rails on the track. The secton boss thought that the train had passed, as it was overdue.

Paris Visiting Old Battlefields.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 11.—At 9 o'clock Friday morning the Comte de Paris and party left Richmond under the escort of Col. Anderson, Capt. Hexall and Capt. Binford for a visit to the battlefields of Mechanicsville, Gaines Mills, Cold Harbor and Seven Pines. The entire party, except Count d'Haussenville and Capt. Morham, used saddle horses.

Prefers Business to Politics.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 13.—Hon. Frank McCoppen, Democratic nominee for mayor of San Francisco, has resigned the nomination, stating that business enterprises require his attention.

First Heavy Frost in Vermont.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt, Oct. 14.—The first heavy frost of the season occurred in this vicinity yesterday morning.

THE HAND OF DEATH.

Ex-Secretary of War Belknap Suddenly Summoned.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS APARTMENTS.

The Coroner's Inquest Shows That the Immediate Cause of His Death Was Inflamation of the Heart—A Short Sketch of His Career.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 13.—Gen. William W. Belknap, ex-secretary of war, was found dead in bed Monday morning in his room in the Evans building on New York avenue, in this city. The room in which he was found joined his office rooms, and was only occupied by the general during his wife's absence from the city. Gen. Belknap was last seen alive Saturday night about midnight when he was on his way to his rooms, apparently in excellent health. Mrs. Belknap, who is in New York city, was notified of her husband's sudden death. The coroner's inquest showed that the general suffered from fatty degeneration of the heart and that the immediate cause of his death was inflamation of the heart.

A Sketch of His Life.

Gen. William Worth Belknap was born in Newburg, N. Y., in Sept. 1829. He graduated at Princeton college in 1843 and 1851 he removed to Keokuk, Iowa, where he practiced law. Gen. Belknap served through the war, beginning his service as major of an Iowa regiment and at the close was breveted general. In October, 1869, he was appointed secretary of war. This office he retained during Gen. Grant's second administration until March, 1876, when in consequence of charges of official corruption he resigned. He was impeached and tried before the senate for receiving bribes for the appointment of post traders and was acquitted on the technical ground of want of jurisdiction.

Respect to His Memory.

The news of the sudded death of ex-Secretary Belknap was received at the were department with genuine sorrow. Gen. Belknap was a very popular official when he was at the head of the war department. The usual marks of respect was paid to his memory by the war department. The department will be closed on the day of his funeral. It will also be draped in mourning for thirty days. Acting Secretary of War Grant will issue the official order as soon as the funeral arrangements are perfected.

HOLOCAUST AT CHICAGO.

Four Lives Lost in a Hotel Fire—A Woman's Frightful Leap.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—At a fire in the Putnam house, on Adams street, Sunday morning, Thomas B. Dowler, of New Orleans, a barber in the Tacoma building; Kirk N. Satrus, a Pinkerton man and operator on the open board of trade, formerly of Calumet, Mich., both of whom have wives, and Edward Peyton, a colored man, were burned to death. Mrs. Minnie Robinson, the wife of Charles Robinson, the bartender for H. B. Graff, at 163 Adams street, was badly burned, and, half bewildered, leaped from her window to the ground. She was horribly bruised and mangled, and lived only a few hours in great agony. Her husband reached the ground safely with their child after vainly seeking for her. Her body will be taken to Stuart, Iowa, for interment. Her husband is prostrated with grief.

Shrewd Chinese Financiers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 11.—The steamer Belgic brought news of a big silver deal in China, whereby the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank amassed an immense fortune in a few months. While the silver bill was before congress the financiers of the Orient foresaw the way things were trending in this country, and quietly bought all the Mexican dollars in the United States at 84 cents. The silver bill which passed placed the value of Mexican dollars in the United States at 95 cents. The result is the manipulators of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank have made a barrel of money Before the deal the stock, which had all been paid up, was selling for $1.25 per share, but now it can't be bought for less than $226 a share.

Very Warlike News.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—News comes from Mozambuque that the British squadron, recently reinforced, pushed up Zambesa to break the Portuguese blockade of the river. They found a line of boats stretched from bank to bank and chained together. One of the British men-of-war steamed ahead at full speed and broke through the line and sank the Portuguese vessel. Lisbon is wild with excitement, which has also spread to Madrid, where the Republicans manifest great sympathy with their Portuguese brothers.

A Restraint on Emigration.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The German government is considering the question of placing some restraint upon emigration, with a view of preventing males who may become liable to military service from leaving the empire until they have performed such duty. A decrease in the number of eligible conscripts is reported from several districts of the empire, and especially south Germany, where emigration is rapidly increasing.

Says Gen. Raum Will Be Bounced.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 11.—A letter was received by Congressman Cooper, of this city, Friday from ex-Commissioner of Pensions Tanner, which stated that the president had made up his mind to let Gen. Raum, the present commissioner, out. It is thought here that on the president's return he will not be fired, but that he will be held up until after the campaign is over.

The Dockers Go to Work Again.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The porters of the Allan Steamship company who have recently been on strike have finally decided to accede to the terms of agreement arrived at by the executive officers of the Dock Laborers' union and the representatives of the company at a recent conference. In consequence the men have resumed work.

Keeping an Eye on Cholera.

VIENNA, Oct. 11.—The prevalence of cholera at the Mediterranean ports between Alexandretta and Tripoli has induced the Austrian government to continue for seven days more its supervision of vessels arriving from those ports.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Twenty persons in the village of Hamburg, N. J., have died in the last two months of dysentery. Doctors say it was epidemic, but deny that it was cholera.

The average tables of the base ball season show that Glasscock (New York) and Orr (Brooklyn) lead, respectively, the league and brotherhood in batting; that King (Chicago) and Rusie (New York) are the star pitchers, and that Bennett (Boston) and Ewing (New York) are the champion catchers.

The sale, under foreclosure, of the Wesleyan Female college, at Cincinnati, has been averted by James M. Gamble, who has assumed the indebtedness, amounting to $28,000.

It is thought Dom Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, has been affected mentally by his misfortunes.

Minneapolis millers refuse to buy the lower qualities of new wheat, particularly that from North Dakota. The wheat contains so many green kernels as to be worthless for flour.

A mad bull Wednesday gored Andrew Hippenmeyer, 80 years old, in the pen of a slaughter house at Madison, Wis., so terribly as to leave little hope of the victim's recovery.

Miss Nora Fleener, of Newton, Ills., was fatally burned Wednesday. She spilled turpentine upon her clothing and it caught fire.

It is reported that while Congressman Breckinridge was addressing a Democratic meeting at Center Ridge, Ark., Wednesday an unknown person attempted to shoot him through a window within a few feet of him. The cap snapped and the noise attracted general attention, but the would-be assassin escaped.

Rube Burrows, the Alabama outlaw, was shot and killed Wednesday by J. C. Carter, one of his captors, while trying to escape.

A pearl recently found in the Pecatonica river, near Galena, Ills., sold Wednesday for $5,000.

Unknown highwaymen assaulted H. P. Fortner in Wichita, Kan., Wednesday evening and robbed him of $250, a diamond pin, and a gold watch.

In the Indiana supreme court Wednesday an election law passed by the last legislature was declared unconstitutional because it contained provisions that citizens must reside ninety days in the county to gain a right to vote, and also be tax-payers.

Secretary Blaine promised Tuesday to make two speeches in Ohio this month, one of them in McKinley's district.

The annual report of the Western Union Telegraph company, presented at the yearly meeting of the directors Wednesday, showed an increase of $1,094,683 in net profits. The company now has 687,997 miles of wire.

Three miners were instantly killed and another was seriously wounded at Boulder, Col., Wednesday by the explosion of some sticks of giant powder.

In northern Wyoming Tuesday George B. Henderson, range manager for a large cattle company, was murdered by cattle thieves. Numerous attempts had been made on his life by this lawless element.

At a gas well which was being drilled near Lima, Ohio, Wednesday night, a sudden flow of gas was struck, which ignited from the derrick lamps. In the explosion which followed two men were fatally and one dangerously burned.

While a Union Pacific train was running against a gale near Rock Creek, Wyo., Thursday, the wind tore the roof off a box car. A brakeman who was on top of the car, was carried some distance and fatally injured.

William H. Reid of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank of Chicago, has just donated $10,000 to the Monticello, Ills., seminary, in addition to the $25,000 given by him previously.

La grippe has struck Burlington, Iowa. Two deaths from the disease are reported.

All of the shares of the stock of the English company that has bought John Roach's shipyards at Chester, Pa., are, with the exception of about £50,000, held in England.

The body of a man was found in a straw stack near Davenport, Iowa, Thursday. It is thought the deceased was George White. A vial of laudanum was lying near.

Capt. Peter Foster, the oldest member of the Grand Army of the Republic in the United States, died at his home in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Thursday.

An article printed in The St. Louis, Mo., Journal of Agriculture angered President Charles Green of the St. Louis fair to such an extent that he ordered the Hon. Norman J. Colman, editor of that journal, off the fair grounds.

Dr. Sacass has been re-elected president of Nicaragua by an overwhelming vote.

Thursday Joseph T. Cappell and his three brothers, all poor men of Tranton, N. J., received information that they were heirs to an estate in England worth $80,000,000.

Ed Smith, of Denver, and George Godfrey, of Boston, will fight before the Puritan club of Long Island City for a purse of $2,000.

The Indianapolis Car and Manufacturing company, which employed 800 men, was placed in the hands of a receiver.

R. G. Dun & Co., report an improvement in trade.

A lewd woman of Butte, Mont., was so affected by seeing Clara Morris in the role of "Camille" that she reformed, married a young man who had previously tried in vain to win her over to the paths of rectitude, and is now a happy, virtuous wife.

Wanamaker, I. T., has a colored lady postmaster.

There are thirty-one millionairs in Denver, and thirty three men worth on the average, $500,000 each.

Steve Jacobs, a notorious negro criminal and desperado, was executed Friday at Lumberton, N. C., for the murder of three women near there several months ago.

J. E. Courvorst, a Santa Fe switchman, alleged to have been maimed for life, has entered suit for $25,000 against the company at Wichita, Kan.

Michael Davitt expresses confidence that the American postal authorities will allow The Labor World to circulate through the mails when they learn that the alleged lottery is merely a charitable bazar for the benefit of the Mater Misericordial hospital in Dublin.

C. J. Hamlin's team, Belle Hamlin and Justina, driven by J. W. Andrews, trotted a mile on the Terre Haute track Friday in 2:15, beating the world's team record.

The strike on the Houston and Texas Central railway has ended. Representatives of the supreme council of the Federation of Railway Employes decided that the color line could not be made an issue and that the strikers had made a mistake.

There has been a marked decline in the salaries paid to female telegraphers, stenographers and typewriters in New York.

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a well and staid there fourteen days before his owner found him. He was taken out and is doing well.

The Patriotic Sons of America have amended their constitution, making only white native born citizens of the United States eligible to membership.

Seven of the members of the "Irish Arab" company were in an elevator that fell from the fourth story of the Lagonda house, at Springfield, Ohio.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable.

A Wisconsin packing company has paid out $26,500 for cucumbers this fall.

Mrs. Frank McAllister, of Abingdon, Ills., committed suicide Sunday by taking poison.

Columbus Lelano, president of the National Wool Growers' association, has published an address to the wool growers of the country complimenting them upon the present status of the tariff laws and stating he has sent his resignation to the vice president of the association.

Judge John L. DeWitt of the common pleas court at Sandusky, Ohio, was instantly killed Saturday by being struck by a locomotive.

C. E. Osborn, a dry goods dealer of Decatur, Mich., has failed.

Five men were drowned at Kinkora, N. J., Sunday by the upsetting of a boat.

The Republicans of Wyoming elected their full state ticket and congressman and will control the legislature by an overwhelming majority.

Frederick Staaten, of Albany, N. Y., walked barefooted into the Church of the Holy Cross in New York city, Sunday, smoking a cigar. He was arrested.

Superintendent of the Census Porter, recuperated by his sea trip, will probably sail for home next Thursday.

Ex-City Auditor Books, of Chattanooga, is short about $26,000.

The bones of twenty Chinamen at Rock Springs, Wyo., some of them the victims of the labor riots there, will be shipped to China for burial.

Cincinnati experienced midsummer weather Sunday, the thermometer registering 84 at noon.

The Rev. W. T. Boutwell, one of the oldest ministers in Minnesota, died Saturday at Stillwater.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who had chief command of the army, has become hopelessly insane.

The Toronto Empire (Tory) proposes to arrest the annexation sentiment by furnishing a handsome Canadian flag to one school house in each county and city of the province of Ontario.

In the Gila valley district of Arizona territory it is proposed to plant 5,000 acres to oranges this fall and winter.

A York county, Maine, man caused the arrest of two men for stealing his wallet and then found it just where he left it.

An instance of just retribution is found in the case of the man who invented the pigs-in-clover puzzle. He has been sent to an insane asylum in St. Louis.

Through celebrating the coming of the "harvest moon" by imbibing their own booze, the stills of four Arkansas moonshiners were discovered and raided.

Professor Austin Phelps, D. D., the well-known Andover theologian and father of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was stricken with heart failure at his Bar Harbor cottage Sunday and will die.

Charles Everett, an inmate of the Milwaukee soldiers' home, was run over and killed on the St. Paul railway Sunday night.

Frank Feely, 12 years old, is under bail at Freeland, Pa., for forgery. He is probably the youngest of his kind.

The common pleas court at Columbus, O., has decided in a case involving the custody of Masonic property, against the Cerneau Rite Masons.

A Female Embezzler.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Mrs. Mary Rice, cashier of the Prudential Insurance company, of Jersey City, was arrested Friday night, charged with embezzlement. The company has been missing small amounts of money and finally put detectives to work on the case. The woman was detected by the old trick of marking money, which was found in her possession Mrs. Rice is but 22 years of age, and was recently married. She is well educated and has been employed by the company for the past three years.

Suicided in a Park.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—The body of a supposed suicide, identified by a letter and marks on the underclothing as that of J. P. Young, of Aurora, Ills., was found in Lincoln park early Monday morning. There was a bullet hole in the temple and a revolver, with two chambers empty, clutched tightly in the dead man's right hand. The fact that a gold watch and some money were found in the pockets of the dead man prove that no robbery had occurred, and that without doubt the case was one of suicide.

A Denial from Tanner.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 13.—Ex-Commissioner of Pensions Tanner emphatically denies that he ever wrote a letter to Congressman Cooper or any one else, stating that the president had made up his mind to "let out" the present commissioner—Gen. Raum. Mr. Tanner adds that in his opinion, it would be unsound for the president to take any action in Commissioner Raum's case before the investigation of the affairs of the pension office have been formally concluded.

Averted a Panic.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 13.—Trouble with the electric connection of the organ at St. James' cathedral Sunday night caused the instrument to stop short in the middle of a hymn when the service was about half over. The paraffine coating of a cable had caught fire, and the congregation had to be dismissed. This was done very quietly, and a panic was avoided. Little damage was done.

Oklahoma's Capital.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Oct. 10.—President Gardenshire of the territory council, signed the bill locating the capital at Oklahoma city, and it was taken to the governor. So far the governor has refused to commit himself, but it is believed that he will sign the bill.

A Sabbatarian Legislature.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Oct. 10.—The legislature Thursday passed a resolution asking the managers of the world's fair to close the grounds on Sunday.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin in "The Nominee."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—St. Marks' International Vaudevilles.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Gus Williams & John T. Kelly.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Patti Rosa.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"McCarthy's Mishaps."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Lost in New York."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — Pete Baker in "The Emigrant."

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Southeast corner of State and Randolph sts.—Stoddard Lectures.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE ADVENT OF DILLON AND O'BRIEN.

The flight of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien from the custody of Secretary Balfour's agents markes a new departure in the present Irish movement, and a healthy one. Hitherto the Irish parliamentary party has counselled strict obedience in the matter of English law. Now two of its most prominent members have set the example of national contempt, and their action, it is gratifying to note, has received the hearty approbation of a great majority of the American newspapers, of all political complexions. The distinguished fugitives from injustice will reach these shores in due time, and will, no doubt, receive a hearty welcome at the hands of all classes here. The talk about their possible extradition is sheer nonsense. The sentiment of the American people is so strong in the other direction, that no administration would dare, even were it inclined, to surrender them. The Barrundia atrocity has irritated the American people to such a degree that even strong Republican papers have taken the existing government to task for not acting more promptly in the matter of Minister Mizner's dismissal. The people are always in advance of the government on the question of maintaining the national honor. Dillon and O'Brien will be perfectly safe from English vengeance during their stay in this country. After they have completed their mission here they will return and accept any fate that may await them with their customary manly courage. Going to jail for Ireland has become, from long practice, almost second nature with them. It does not do much good, but the sacrifice is well intended, and it is almost the only means left of defending the Irish cause, in its present phase, from the assaults of the Tories. At the same time THE CITIZEN thinks that the poorest use to which an Irish patriot can put himself, except for the preservation of the National movement in some shape, is to go to jail.

Liberation by process of agitation seems to be the present fad of a majority of the Irish people everywhere. The conversion of the English people to the side of Home Rule, because of the outrage on John Morley in Tipperary, and because of other arbitrary governmental acts, is freely predicted by the Irish parliamentary leaders. THE CITIZEN has no doubt of Mr. Morley's influence with the already converted portion of his countrymen—the middle classes and artisans of England, more generally the latter—but how about Hodge and Milord? Outside of Earl Spencer and a few other "nobles," the entire aristocracy of England is hostile to the idea of Irish Home Rule in any shape. Hodge, trudging after his plough, or weeding cabbages, always votes with Milord. What process of reasoning can change tha mind of Milord or of Hodge? The one is invincible by reason of prejudice and the other by reason of ignorance. Hodge may have his good points as a man, but as a politician he is as obstinate and as unprogressive as a mule. Gladstone's eloquence has no more influence on Hodge than a ministerial prayer would have on the long-eared animal dear to the heart of darkeys and of soldiers. Both Hodge and the mule must be lashed and cursed into progression. But who can do the lashing and the cursing? Not the Liberal party surely. Hodge dearly loves the Tories, because they belong to "the old families." He has no reverence for new comers. His forefathers fought for the House of Lancaster, because it was the more aristocratic branch of the warring Plantagenet family. They fought and bled with Warwick at Barnet Heath, and they stood by the cavaliers and King Charles at Marston Moor, until Cromwell and his Ironsides pummeled them into subjection. Hodge is exactly like his forefathers—perhaps hardly as good a fighter as the Hodge of Towton and Worcester—and nothing short of an Edward IV, or a Cromwell, can move him against his convictions. Hodge and Milord are the powers that decide the politics of England. The faith that moves mountains can alone stir them from their position. The good old English hog still grunts at the notion of Irish liberty.

But, supposing the Parliamentary party broken up, what, then, could be done for Ireland? The revolutionary spirit seems to have left the Irish race. There is, at present, no organized body of Irish Nationalists capable of substituting a policy for that of Home Rule. "The party of violence," as it is called, has been frowned out of visible existence, not so much by the English as by the Irish themselves. The present Irish leaders have done more to destroy the rebel sentiment among Irishmen than all the cannon and dragoons of England. It is quite disheartening to take up the average Irish "national" papers of today and mark the decadence of real Irish sentiment. There is, in their pages, an artificial worship of England, and some of them are base enough to gloat over the appointment of an Irish cutthroat, named Garnet Wolseley, alias Lord Wolseley, to the chief command of the troops in Ireland, just as if the man would not slaughter his countrymen, at England's behest even more ruthlessly than an Englishman "to the manor born." Irish corporations get down on their marrowbones, now-a-days, and shamelessly beg the English war office to quarter regiments of English mercenaries in their midst, in order that they may pick up the few crumbs that fall from their mess tables. Aye, even Limerick and Kilkenny have descended to this ignominy within a few years. Then, the very cartoons in the Irish papers represent John Bull as a kind of injured innocent, led astray by Balfour, and ever ready, with a mighty stick and a big belly, to rush to the rescue of an Irish "peasant" in "breeks" and side whiskers, whom, by the way, he never succeeds in rescuing. It is a serious thing to systematically debauch the true spirit of the Irish people in this manner, and the policy explains the dry rot that has come over Irish sentiment at home and abroad of late. It is an unwise, as well as a degrading, policy, and if persevered in, will eventually leave the Irish question without a sound leg to stand on.

There is really no need of all this subserviency to England. It is self-abasement without even the excuse of a practical object. It is an imitation of the worst political vices of the late Daniel O'Connell—vices that landed him, eventually, a broken man to die of chagrin on a foreign shore. No good can ever come to Ireland of worshipping, whether hypocritically or sincerely, the power that has ruined her. An Irishman, calling himself a Nationalist, who drinks the health of the English monarch is a blasphemer. "God save the Queen," on an Irish "Nationalist's" lips is a hymn to Satan. It is an echo from the choir of hell.

THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that when Dillon and O'Brien—who are the most national men of the Irish party—come here, they will spare us laudations of the English, and other latter day Irish political heresies. Let them not put us, the men driven from Ireland by the English government and people, to shame. It is quite useless to try and exonerate the English people at the expense of their government. The latter has always represented the prevailing sentiment of the English nation in regard to Ireland and the Irish. It is our wish to treat the visitors courteously and generously, but they will be wise in respecting the feelings of men who have never learned to look upon English rule in Ireland, no matter what shape it may assume, except as "a curse, a penalty, and a plague."

WORTHY RIVALS.

The two handsomest candidates in the Cook county field of politics are Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan, Democrat, and Mr. Albert G. Lane, Republican. They are running for the county superintendency of schools. Mr. Lane has held the office of superintendent for many years, and is highly popular, as the rivalship of so brilliant a woman as Mrs. Mulligan, widow of the gallant and lamented general of that name, sufficiently proves. Mr. Lane is American by birth. Mrs. Mulligan was born in England, of Irish parents, and has lived in Chicago since early childhood. Her nomination was a new departure for the Democrats, who have hitherto been considered, by Susan B. Anthony and other strong minded ladies, as the ungallant party. The Republicans, on the other hand, have been regarded as the champions of the fair sex in politics. Mr. Lane's gallantry is certainly put to a severe test under the circumstances, because he is courtesy itself to the ladies.

NOTICE.

As some unauthorized persons have been making the erroneous claim that THE CITIZEN is controlled by a particular political party, it is only proper to say that this paper is entirely independent, and deals with political candidates on their merits. The politics of its editor cuts no figure in the matter. THE CITIZEN wears no party collar, and its editorial columns, only, express its opinions. In its business department it accords the customary rights to all respectable citizens, of whatever party.

THE DEVIL'S GRIP ON IRELAND.

The Rev. Father Antonine, of the Order of Saint Francis, recently delivered a lecture on the Irish famine of 1847 in St. Mary's church, Glasgow, Scotland. He dealt very ably with his subject, and did not hesitate to tread on the corns of the alleged English Liberals, because of their rascally conduct toward Ireland during that eventful period. After relating some of the frightful effects of that unparalleled famine, which, like the retreat of the French from Moscow, "turned old History pale," Father Antonine said:

Many thought the Whig government would introduce some large relief bills for the terrible distress that prevailed. In this they were disappointed. They first passed the most drastic coercion bill ever prescribed for Ireland. They then brought in the Labor Rate bill—a measure imposed upon the starving poor and those who were liable to the poor rates. The consequence of this act was that very many had to quit their holdings, enlist among able-bodied paupers or act as navvies. It is quite true a great many charitably disposed persons in these countries liberally contributed expecting that their generous charities would yield a 20s in the pound to the poor. Not so. The officials pocketed the money, gave what they liked to the famishing, as all was under the control of the government. The people now began to envy the lot of those who died during the first year's famine. The poorhouses were more than full. Each had an hospital for typhus fever, and it was common for three patients to be in one bed, some dead and others not yet dead. Mothers who did not wish to enter the workhouse actually ate their own dead children, and babies were seen sucking their dead mothers' breasts. Coffins could not be provided for the dead, and the bodies were accordingly thrown comfuless into holes. The Tory government was driven from office because it took the landlords to its bosom, and stripped the poor of all they possessed. In fact the taxes were levied on the tenants in disturbed districts, and not upon the landlords. As O'Connell said: "The poor man is obliged to guard the rich man by payment of taxation." The measures brought in by the Whig government, no matter how well intentioned, were tardy, and their tolls and anxieties were dear, accompanied by verdicts of coroners' juries that men, women and children died of starvation brought on by responsible ministers of the crown. The fact was that in the same measure that poverty increased so did the police-food depots replaced by arsenals—soup kitchens by artillery. In Ireland, when the people were sunk into misery and despair, the government thought it was necessary to have more jails, more stringent laws to sustain her. It is not that the political economists hated the Irish that they were to be ruled by martial law, but because it is the first duty to preserve and guard those in luxury. The lives of hundreds were nothing compared to hundreds of pounds, for from the latter you could have interest and profit, but from the former nothing. The Irish Railway bill was brought forward at a most inappropriate time. It failed, for its triumph would have brought on the downfall of the existing government. It is true of all nations that when the government and property of a nation are Portestant, poor laws become unavoidable, and where the monastery once stood the workhouse must be erected.

THE CITIZEN differs from the Rev. Father Antonine in one particular. It firmly believes that the English political economists, alias the Whigs, did hate the Irish, and wished to accomplish their destruction, in which they only succeeded too well—well enough, at all events, to remove all fear of successful Irish insurrection from the heart of England for many a generation. Starvation is a much more effective weapon of destruction than the rifle.

But, more disgusting even than English cruelty, was the hypocrisy of the truculent press. The London *Times* of Feb. 27, 1847, said editorially:

The Irish ulcer is exhausting the resources of the empire. It was to be expected that it should come to this. The people of England have most culpably and foolishly connived at a national iniquity not to go farther back than the Union, for now at least half a century England has had a collateral voice in Irish affairs. It has been notorious all that time that Ireland was the victim of unexampled social crimes. Besides lesser evils, there existed no public provison for the poor. Property ruled with savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron, and renounced its duties with a front of brass. Age, infirmity, disease, and every form of weakness and bereavement were cast out to perish. The fat of the land, the flower of its wheat, its milk and its honey flowed from its shores in tribute to the ruthless absentee or his less guilty cousin the usurious lender. It was all drain and no return. But if strength and industry fared but ill in a land where capital was in a perpetual flux and decay, how much more poverty and weakness? In an integral part of the British empire, the landowner was allowed to sweep away the produce of the earth without leaving even a gleaning for them that were ready to perish, and they did perish year by year continually from sheer destitution. The whole Irish people were debased by the spectacle and contact of licensed mendicancy and recognized starvation, England stupidly winked at this tyranny. Ready enough to vindicate political rights it did not avenge the poor. It is paying for that connivance, the dreadful consequences of the crime have recoiled on the consenting bystanders. We are now refusing to wipe off the score of long neglect. Such is the usual law of retribution. If it is asked why we have now to support half the population of Ireland, the question answers itself because with our eyes open we have deliberately allowed them to be crushed into a nation of beggars.

And still, "with its eyes open," away back in 1847, the London *Times* shamelessly upholds today the very system it then so eloquently condemned! How can the Irish place any sound degree of faith in English philanthropy with such a shameful example of insincerity before them? The process of decay still goes forward. Ireland continues to be beggared. The tramp of English infantry, the clatter of English cavalry, and the rumble of English artillery are still heard in her streets and on her high-roads, and again the famine wail is heard by the cliffs of the Western seas! The London *Times* knows all this, and yet it howls against the American committee organized to do for the Irish people what the government that is supposed to look after them has failed to do. Can human audacity go any further?

For the information of simple minded people, Irish or non-Irish, in this country, who may think that the English government honestly distributes the aid granted by parliament or sent from America to Ireland, the following pungent extract from the able Father Antonine's Glasgow lecture may prove instructive:

The alarm, in 1847, was first made with regard to the blight, the government sent two commissioners, Playfair and Lindley, to examine and report on the potatoes generally. This passed the time for some weeks. Parliament was prorogued, and did not meet again till January. The Dublin corporation requested the queen to open parliament at an early date, and to recommend the appropriation of some public money and the opening up of some public works in Ireland. At the same time the lord lieutenant was waited on by a deputation urging on him the necessity of opening the ports to foreign commerce and also providing public works, as millions of people would soon be without a morsel of food. The lord-lieutenant told them that they were premature, that learned men were sent over from England to enquire into matters, that others were also drawing up reports, so it was necessary to wait. Nieven years before that a committee appointed by the government declared that if the potate crop were a failure, produce would be consumed long before they could acquire new means of subsistance. Immediately before the distress began immense herds of cattle, sheep, hogs and grain were shipped off to England, and before Christmas hundreds of poor people had laid down and died by the roadside. It is estimated that England had drawn so vast a tribute as eight millions for forty years from Ireland. It was not, surely, asking too much to give back part of that annual drain to avert the fearful crisis. Up to New Year 1846, England received in cattle, grain, etc., £17,000,000. The English newspapers stated then that in political circles it was declared that 2,000,000 of the people must perish before the next harvest came and went. Two-thirds of the people of England and Scotland may be said to be dependent on manufactures or commerce, either directly or indirectly, whereas in Ireland nine-tenths of the population are dependent directly or indirectly on the agricultural crop. Parliament opened by demanding the house to pass a coercion bill for Ireland, authorizing the viceroy to proclaim any district, commanding the people to be within their houses from sunrise to sunset, whether they had them or not; to place additional police where he thought fit, to reward informers and detectives. This Coercion bill would force those poor people who had no houses either to the workhouse or America. Having no house or home they would be in the absolute power of the police, and in continual peril of temptation. The famine became a strictly government business. They appointed the officers and commissioners to distribute relief down to the very policemen, and no local charities could act unless under the supervision of some government authority. Every possible delay was interposed against the efforts of local bodies. There were ten thousand men salaried out of parliamentary loans and grants for relief of the poor before the middle of '47, and some of them had salaries equal to that of an American secretary of state. The government officials in Ireland were insolent beyond description, and snubbed those who came for relief with the most refined cruelty. They pocketed the sums of money given to relieve the poor and wrote out voluminous directions for making roads where they were not required or filling up public roads used by the people. Just when the famine was making the most fearful inroads on the people there were evictions going on, and men, women and children, with scarcely anything to cover them were flung out to perish in the winter's sleet.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will recognize in Father Antonine's lucid statement the very policy operating in Ireland today. The Tory government has granted some $2,000,000 for the building of railroads in the west of Ireland, and, of that sum, it is safe to predict, at least the third will be wasted on perfectly useless officials. Again, as in 1847, learned English experimenters are investigating the threatened famine in Ireland with the usual degree of skepticism. Had not the American Famine Relief Committee begun to stir in New York, to the shame of England, the railroad grant would not have been made by the Tory ministry.

THE FATHER MATHEW CENTENNIAL.

The centennial of the birth of the illustrious Father Theobald Mathew, whose labors in the cause of temperance among the Irish people will be gratefully remembered to the end of time, was appropriately celebrated on the 10th inst. in Ireland and throughout the world. Perhaps the very finest tribute paid to the memory of the noble minded priest is that by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, in the *Catholic World* of this month. In concluding his very brilliant article on the Irish apostle of temperance, Archbishop Ireland says:

"To Ireland, Father Mathew's own land, do we send, on his anniversary, a message of love and gratitude. To her are we indebted for him, and for all the inspirations which spring from his name. Next to their own country, Ireland is of all nations dearest to the hearts of all total abstainers, and for her salvation their furvent prayers go up to the Throne of Grace. Heaven be praised that, her noble episcopate leading, a new era for total abstinence has dawned over her. She celebrates fitly the centennial of her 'Apostle.' How much there is involved in the triumph of total abstinence in Ireland, did but Irishmen understand it! For herself it means all blessings. 'Ireland sober is Ireland free," said one who loved her well. For her exiled children, scattered to the four corners of the earth, it means their own sobriety, and their honor in the eyes of their fellow citizens in their new homes. For the church, of which in the vast English-speaking world Irishmen and their descendants form a part so large and so important, it means undimmed glory. Total abstinence in Ireland is total abstinence across oceans and over continents. And total abstinence is to be had for the asking. God has not created a people more docile to their spiritual leaders than the children of St Patrick. May I dare speak across the Atlantic and name the means, so easy and so simple, by which Ireland will be made the most sober nation of earth, and without which labors most herculean must fail? It is this: let the words of Father Mathew reverberate in the seminaries, the monasteries, and the presbyteries of Ireland: 'Here goes in the name of God!" The magic persuasiveness of Father Mathew's appeals lay in his own total abstinence pledge. In their own pledges will the priests of Ireland conquer."

"In hoc signo vinces."

THE DAILY "FARO."

The Chicago *Daily Faro*, Mike Mc. Donald's official organ, has, of late, been devoting itself to the congenial task of abusing the editor of THE CITIZEN, who, by the way, is not running for office. Although Mike McDonald is not regularly on the Democratic ticket, he has still some hopes of being elected sheriff of Cook county this fall. He is going the wrong way about it. The amiable Jim Strain, manager of the *Daily Faro*, has, fortunately for Col, McDonald, had great experience in the county hospital. He will be useful in patching up the Colonel's sore head after election day.

JOHN O'LEARY'S LAMENTATION.

Mr. John O'Leary, an ex-member of the Fenian Triumvirate of 1865-7, has had his corns pinched by the New Tipperary revolution. The following correspondence will explain the state of that gentleman's feelings:

"No. 11 BAYLEY ST., BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, Sept. 19.—*To the Editor of the Freeman—Sir:* I inclose a copy of a letter which I have just sent to a comm'ttee in New Tipperary. Faithfully yours,

"JOHN O'LEARY.

"'*Sir:* I consider it a piece of pure impertinence to invite me to any meeting in the so-called 'New Tipperary.' Firstly, there is, properly speaking, no such place, and secondly, it must be well known to all my fellow townsmen that the cruel and cowardly attempt (God grant it may not altogether succeed) on the part of Mr. William O'Brien & Co. to ruin Tipperary by the creation of such a place could not receive the slightest countenance, direct or indirect, from me. It is beside the general question, though unfortunately having an important bearing upon many other questions, that in the carrying out of this new and most nefarious development of the plan of campaign, my fellow townsmen have been forced into doing that to me which the English government, some five and twenty years ago, could but did not do, that is, confiscate my property.

"As to the object of the proposed meeting, I have only simply to say that I could not attend a meeting anywhere to promote it. Dynamitards and Invincibles are not political prisoners any more than Moonlighters or the like. I sincerely hope that some of the men now in Chatham and elsewhere are guiltless of the crimes of which they have been convicted, but that consideration has no bearing upon the question of the immorality of the acts in themselves. I remain, your obedient servant, JOHN O'LEARY.

"'P. S.—Since writing the above I have had great pleasure in seeing that there is at least one man in Tipperary who has had the courage to speak out his mind upon the scandalous state of things existing there. I need scarcely add that I am alluding to the Rev. Walter Cantwell.'"

If you see a man dashing frantically down the street, clutching wildly at the thin, thin air, don't take him for a lunatic. He is only a political candidate vainly attempting to get hold of his private and public character, which the partisan papers have sent sky high.

THE second monthly reception and hop of the Irish American club at their rooms in the Dickey Building, on Wednesday evening, was a highly successful social event.

MR. DAVITT'S *Labor World* arrived late this week, and THE CITIZEN is, therefore, obliged to omit the second chapter of the "Red Jim" McDermott revelations.

CAPTAIN TOM SENNOTT and Roger C. Sullivan, Republican and Democratic candidates respectively for the office of Clerk of the Probate Court, are making a gentlemanly canvass, as becomes them. Capt. Sennott is a veteran in politics, whereas Mr. Sullivan is making his first campaign.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S. Pat. 237,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

MR. EUGENE DAVIS.

[*Dublin Freeman, Sept. 20.*]

In another column will be found a report of a farewell supper and presentation to Mr. Eugene Davis ("Owen Roe" of the *Nation*), who is about to proceed to the United States. We are sorry that the press of Ireland is about to lose the services of such an able journalist as Mr. Davis. To readers of the *Weekly Freeman* the talented young Irishman is well know as a poet, story-teller and political writer. Not twelve months since a delightful series of articles from his pen, entitled, "Irish Footprints on the Continent," ran through our columns; and as an illustration of Mr. Davis' gifts as a poet we may mention that he has been selected to write odes for the Sarsfield bi-centenary at Limerick and the Father Mathew centenary at Cork, both of which are to be celebrated in October. He has also published a volume of national poems which show, to quote the words of the eloquent address presented to him by his friends, that he is indeed "a poet with a high evangel to preach." That evangel is Irish nationality, and well has Mr. Davis preached it in deeds as well as in words. He has been from his earliest years attached to the advanced national muse. He spent ten years in its service on the continent. He has been one of the most steadfast friends of Mr. James Stephens in these the closing years of the life of the old chief of the I. R. B. When Mr. Stephens was banished from France five or six years ago, Mr. Davis had the great honor of being included in the same ukase, which it was said was issued by the French government of that day on the urgent representation of the English plenipotentiary at Paris. But what is perhaps the most signal service rendered to Ireland by Mr. Davis was the assistance he gave in the discovery that Richard Pigott was the author of the notorious forgeries—the Parnell letters. Pigott approached Mr. Davis in Switzerland, and tried to induce him to join in his nefarious plot against the Irish leaders. But Mr. Davis was too much for the wily old serpent. He got from Pigott an outline of the plot, and forthwith warned Mr. Parnell. In fact it was from Mr. Davis that the Irish leader first received intelligence of the black conspiracy to damn his political reputation. After ten years on the continent, Mr. Davis, in 1887, got an appointment on the *Nation* in Dublin, and since then, by his prose and poetic contributions, has helped to preserve and uphold the traditional renown of that journal as an able exponent of the intellectual qualities of the Irish race at home. The press of Europe will lose in Mr. Davis one of its most brilliant pens, and the journalism of the United States will gain in him a splendid accession to that gifted band of Irishmen already in its service. We heartily wish Mr. Davis every success in his new career in America.

Nashville Irishmen.

The Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America held its regular meeting last Sunday afternoon at Simmons' hall, Union street. The principal business before the meeting was the discussion of measures to relieve the famine distress in Ireland, and it was the unanimous voice of all the members present that the branch should leave nothing undone and make every effort to help the people who are destitute in Ireland by the famine. The standing committee of the branch was requested to make a report and recommend the best ways and means of raising money, and report at the next regular meeting of the branch, or recommend a special meeting sooner if necessary, when the president of the branch will call a meeting for that purpose. The standing committee will issue an appeal to all citizens of Nashville, asking their co-operation for the relief of the famine in Ireland. M. J. Martin resigned the chairmanship of the standing committee and Barney McCabe was appointed instead.

The branch then adjourned to meet the fourth Sunday in this month, which comes on the 26th inst.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

Oct. 1, at the church of St. Joseph, Dublin, Joseph G Bolger, secretary of the public health committee, to Jeannie, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Cunniam.

Oct. 1, Martin Curran, Farnane, county Mayo, to Minnie, second daughter of the late John Cassidy, Loughinstown, county Meath.

Sept. 25, Thomas Doyle, Aghoed, Coolkenno, county Wicklow, to Jane Finnegan, Main street, Baltinglass, daughter of the late Hugh Finnegan, Rathdaniel, Rathvilly, county Carlow.

Sept. 27, Myles O'Connell McSwiney, staff surgeon R.N., to Florence de Courcy, daughter of Gen. Sir William Bellairs, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Sept. 21, William, son of the late Wm. Phelan, P.L.G., Walshestown, Newcastle West, to Bridget, daughter of the late Michael McCormack, Gaibally.

Sept. 29, David, second son of the late James Keating, Knocklofty, Clonmel, to Ellie, eldest daughter of the late Timothy O'Connor, Wexford.

Sept. 24, John J. Cronin, Bengal staff corps, assistant commissioner Burmah commission, to Daisy, fourth daughter of the late William Pennefather, Esq., J.P., of Ballylanigan Hall, county Tipperary.

Sept. 23, Jeremiah Murphy, Cork, to Lizzie, daughter of David O'shea, stationmaster, Birdhill, Limerick.

Sept. 25, Thomas M. Quinn, son of Mr. Michael Quinn, Castleber, to Cecilia Mary (Wildrose), second daughter of the late Bernard Kearney, Clooncoose House, Castlerea.

Sept. 15, Thomas P. Kelly, Galway, to Minnie, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Curtin, Henry street, Kilrush.

Sept. 23, Michael Kelly, Main street, Bray, to Mary Agnes, daughter of Michael Shortall, Esq., Castlecomer, Kilkenny.

James, the eldest son of Patrick Kelly, 36 Peter street, and Townrath, Drogheda, to Mary, only daughter of Patrick Keogh, Ellen street, Limerick.

Sept. 22, Felix McKenna, Brooklyn, brother of the Rev. Patrick McKenna, St. Ann's Brooklyn, New York, to Kate, daughter of the late Patrick Byrne, Eglish, Dungannon.

Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

CALLED HER "AN INFERNAL BOYCOTT."

An Athy bench of magistrates imposed on a farmer named Dan Hanlon of Boley, a rule of bail, or in default a month's imprisonment, for calling a woman who worked on Lord Drogheda's evicted farm at Gurteen "an infernal boycott."

WILL FINISH THE SPIRE.

A meeting of the parishioners of St. Mary's, Drogheda, was held in the vestry on Sept. 21, after 11 o'clock mass, relative to the completion of the tower and spire connected with the church. John Chadwick, of Stameen, occupied the chair, and among those present were Messrs. Chadwick, J. Mangan, C.P.L.G.; John Woods, Patrick Farrell, Balgreen; P. Kelly, Bull Ring; P. Lynch, do; J. Sampson, P. McCullen, Capt. Caulfield, P. Caffrey, and M. Martin.

TERRIBLE DEED OF AN INSANE MAN.

While some men were engaged in the farmyard of Robert Kepple, Raheenkill-lane, near Ballon, Carlow, without any provocation John Brennan seized a two pronged fork and rushed madly at a fellow laborer named Nolan, and fractured his skull. Brennan ran into Mr. Kepple's house, seized a single-barrel gun, and, placing the muzzle to his left side he coolly and deliberately lighted a match, which he placed to the nipple in lieu of a cap. The barrel burst in the explosion, and the unfortunate man fell to the ground a fearfully mutilated corpse. Drs. Kidd of Tullow, and Fryer of Clonburris, were soon on the scene, and Nolan received every attention possible, but he lies in a very critical condition in Mr. Kepple's house. Insanity is generally supposed to be the cause of the terrible tragedy.

WANT A PARK.

At the last meeting of the Carlow town commissioners, Mr. Byrne complained of the want of a small town park, where the people might meet for healthful recreation and amusement. At present the people of the town, who desire to take a walk, have only the dirty or muddy roads, or the tow-path along the river to perambulate upon.

REFUSED BREAD TO AN EMERGENCYMAN.

The magistrates at Kildare petty sessions refused to renew the license of Peter Maher, publican, for an alleged refusal to supply bread to an emergency-man. Notice of appeal was given.

"OUTDOOR SERVICES."

The "outdoor services" at Arklow are still being held, and are accompanied by the usual manifestations of displeasure on the part of a section of the Catholic population. A force of police keep the crowd of yelling females at a distance from the preachers.

SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus opened a mission in Kingwilliamstown, county Cork, on Sept. 28 On Oct. 5 began another mission in Randalstown, county Antrim, and a confraternity retreat in the Cathedral, Waterford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Carlow board of guardians have sent a man named Kehoe, belonging to Carlow town, to Paris, for treatment by M. Pasteur. Kehoe was bitten by a rabid dog belonging to Mr. Smith.

A large demonstration took place at Kells on Sept. 28, and was attended by three members of the Irish Parliamentary party—Dr. Kenny, M.P., Mr. Leamy, M.P., and Mr. Donal Sullivan, M. P. Father Mullan, P.P., Moynalty, occupied the chair.

A young sailor named Lowth, who resided in Drogheda, was drowned in the Shannon at Limerick.

Messrs. Woods have taken the Birr distillery, the property of Mrs. Hackett, Cloughjordan, for the purpose of carrying on the malting trade.

Christopher Eunis, of Raheny, near Dublin, aged 29 years, was drowned at Liverpool recently.

MUNSTER.

FROM THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Mr. Thomas Maher, one of the tenants evicted on the Smith-Barry estate, near Cashel, was clubbed and kicked by the constabulary in Tipperary. The treatment received by Mr. Skehan, T. C., was also of a similar nature. Both gentlemen are under the care of Dr. Thomas Laffan, Cashel. Patrick Noonan, son of Mr. M. Noonan, T. C., was brutally beaten by seven policeman.

THE CZAR OF CLONMEL.

At the Clonmel fair Mr. Redmond Burke, secretary of the Fethard branch of the I. N. L., was accosted by a police sergeant named McCarthy, who threatened to arrest him if he did not at once leave the fair. Mr. Burke did not leave the fair, but was shadowed for the remainder of the day by a policeman.

LEFT FOR ROME.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, left for Rome on Sept. 30, where he is about to pay the quinquennial visit to the holy see required of the European bishops.

KNOCKED OUT BY SPIRITS?

The police patrol in Thomondgate district, Limerick, found two emergency men lying on the public road outside Thomondgate bleeding from the face, and bearing evident marks of having been beaten. It appears they are employed as caretakers on an evicted farm of Lord Lansdowne's, outside the city. Both men refuse to give the police any particulars of the occurrence, beyond stating that they were attacked and one of them knocked down and kicked. They have refused to swear information or state whether they know their assailants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Fermoy a son of Mr. Punch, tea and wine merchant, aged six years, was bitten by a mastiff. The animal also bit the coachman, who went to the child's rescue. Three veterinary surgeons examined the dog and pronounced him to be suffering from a virulent type of rabies. The dog was shot and the wounds cauterised. Mr. Punch has taken his son and the coachman to Paris for the treatment by M. Pasteur.

There is at present on view in the window of Messrs. Morteshed, merchants, Castle street, Nenagh, a giant cream vegetable marrow which turned the scales at 63 lbs. This monster vegetable was grown by Mr. Davis, Captain Carrol's gardener, at Lissenhall.

The last of the Ponsonby tenants have been turned out.

At the meeting of the Limerick Guardians, Mr. Raleigh said the failure of the potato crop was due to landlordism.

The lords justices have revoked the arms licenses of James Galvin and Wm. Flynn, of Rannaghan, in the parish of Ruan, county Clare, and John Hallaron, of Garrynacallaha, in the parish of Kilkeedy, in the same county.

Margaret Sullivan, the victim of the Macroom vitriol throwing, has almost recovered. Dr. White is also on the road to recovery.

At the last meeting of the Tipperary commissioners an attempt was made by some of the body to remove the lamp opposite the constabulary barracks, "as it gave light," as Mr. Breen expressed it, "to Balfour's pups."

The Carrignavar, county Cork, branch of the I. N. L. passed a resolution protesting against the statements made by Canon Hegarty regarding the Ponsonby estate, and expressing confidence in Mr. Lane, M. P.

The Killorglin Laune Rangers Athletic and Football club sports came off in Laune Rangers club grounds, at Killorglin, in good weather. The different items were well contested.

William and Thomas Bergin, gamekeepers in the employ of Mr. Robert Roe, of Loran Park, have been arrested for assaulting a farmer named Guilfoyle, at Graffin, near Rosrea. It appears the Bergins had been out in company with a gentleman named Holmes, who has the shooting of Mr. Roe's lands, and having entered Guilfoyle's land, were ordered off by him. The refused to go. The dispute culminated in blows. Dr. Mitchell, of Templemore, was called in to attend Guilfoyle, the nature of whose injuries were so serious that his depositions were taken, and the two Bergins arrested. Guilfoyle is at present in a critical condition.

Mr. Trousdall, the principal of No. 1 National school, Kilrush, has intimated his intention of retiring and resigning from the position which he has held for very many years.

Mr. John Cunningham, the brilliant and ingenious young secretary of the Ballyduff league, has abjured sports for the present and is devoting all his time to interesting experiments at Moycollop in the prevailing fad (started by Mr. Michael Davitt), namely, the raising of winter cabbage.

The Rev. John Casey, P. P., Valentia, county Kerry, preached an eloquent sermon at the Catholic church, Maiden lane, London.

A committee has been formed in Limerick for the purpose of raising a subscription for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Edward Daly, who have been left in unprovided circumstances by his demise.

The personal estate of the late Henry Winthrop O'Donovan (commonly known as The O'Donovan), Skibbereen, has been sworn at £30,292 4s 1d, including £328 in England.

Jeremiah Quirke, of Inchinleamy, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor, at Fermoy, on a charge of intimidation, in order to prevent a purchase of pigs belonging to a local landlord by whom Quirke had been evicted.

Tralee was visited by a destructive flood. The town is built on the Lee, which is arched over for a mile and a half. For hours the streets and shops in the principal thoroughfares were flooded to a height of from six to eight feet. The roadways were torn up and the footways in several parts demolished. When the water abated it was found that a thick deposit of yellow mud was left in the houses. Though there were several narrow escapes, no lives were lost. The gas works were inundated and so much injury done that the town was left without gas. It is estimated that the damage done in the town will not be covered by £10,000.

Laborers are earning 2s 6d a day at Roscrea, and cannot be had at that.

The Duke of Devonshire has appointed Dr. E. Boyd Russell, of Lismore (late of Sandford, Dublin), physician to Lismore castle, in place of the late Dr. Carrey.

Ellen Butler, who was returning from Kilkee, dropped dead on board the Mermaid steamer going to Foynes. She was a native of Ballyneety, county Limerick.

At the annual licensing sessions held at Cashel the applications for the renewal of licenses were opposed in ten cases by the police. The chairman said that there was ample evidence, not only to require but to compel them to hold that the following defendants were not of good character within the meaning of the act of parliament—Patrick Condon, Philip Carroll, Anne Healy, Jane Quiry and Mary Hennessy. They therefore refused to grant them a renewal of their licenses. With regard to the others, Michael Dargan, James Dargan, John Corcoran, Jameson Stewart and Mary Maunsell, they would grant them certificates.

Canon Griffin, of Millstreet, who became ill while going to Cardinal Newman's funeral, has returned home partially recovered.

The Democratic Labor Federation held a meeting at Newcastle West, a large number of workingmen and others being present. Mr. Finucane, M. P., was amongst the speakers. Resolutions of confidence in the Irish party were passed.

An eviction party of sixty police, under the command of four district inspectors, at Glensharrold on the 26th ult., evicted four families—John Ahern, fifteen in family; Maurice Murphy, five in family; Pat Connell, eight in family, and John Connell, eight in family. Houses are in course of construction for all the evicted tenants, who will be housed comfortably. Meanwhile, the people are determined to fight Delmege and his backers to the bitter end.

The subsheriff of Limerick carried out the eviction of a woman named Dore on the estate of Rev. George Hefferman. The place was barricaded, and a deperate resistance was offered by the tenant.

CONNACHT.

ASSAULTED.

The Rev. Mr. Guiness, Protestant rector, Collooney, was coming home from Longford by the 9:30 train on the night of Sept. 13, and by mistake he passed Collooney station and went to Ballisodare. On his way home by the road he was accosted by four men who demanded money for drink. He refused to give it, and was immediately knocked down. The Ballisodare police arrested Darby Kelly, Stephen Burns, James Benson and John Palmer, who were brought before Mr. Edward J. Tighe, J.P., and held in bail for the petty sessions.

PROMOTED TO AN IMPORTANT POSITION.

Michael S. Harris, son of Mr. John Harris, Mail Coach road, Sligo, has been promoted from the position of chief surveyor of customs at Dublin to collectorship of customs at Limerick. This is the third most important post in the customs of Ireland.

THE CLANRICARDE ESTATE.

An advertisement, of which the following is a copy, has appeared in a Newry Tory journal:

"Farms to let in county Galway, ranging from 20 to 150 acres, and a few of larger size; all near market towns containing national schools, I. C. and R. C. churches, two Presbyterian churches within range; good land; low rents, low rates, and good neighbors. No fines are required, but tenants must be well recommended as respectable and solvent. Apply to Edward Shaw Taner, Estate Office, Loughrea."

MISCELLANEOUS.

James Fahey, of Woodford, died recently.

Mrs. Kenahan, wife of a police pensioner, Ballinasloe, committed suicide recently.

The poor rate in Woodford, Galway, is four shillings in the pound.

Mrs. Bridget O'Connor, wife of Patrick O'Connor, of the Mall, Sligo, died on the 23 ult.

The board of works have not yet sanctioned the purchasing of the Castlecoote mills for the Suck drainage works.

The proposed railway from Galway to Clifden is likely to be proceeded with rapidly, and the initial operations will probably be entered upon within a month.

The premises occupied by Martin Roche and Ambrose Quility, High street, Sligo, were recently destroyed by fire.

The Grasmere, from San Francisco, is discharging 1,800 tons of flour at Westport for William Livingstone & Son. A steamer of 3,800 tons is expected at Westport immediately, for the same firm.

A large consignment of cabbage plants and seeds, forwarded by Michael Davitt, and conveyed to Westport by the Midland Great Western Railway free of charge, arrived recently at Achill, and were distributed by the Rev. P. O'Connor, P.P.

Mr. John Corcoran, of Ballycastle is erecting splendid business premises in that town, to meet the demands of his extensive and greatly increasing trade.

Malachy Kelly, crown solicitor, is constructing a fine residence near Castlebar railway station.

ULSTER.

WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

A man named Patrick Keegan, described as an ex national school teacher, of Florrie's Bridge, county Armagh, was seriously injured recently by falling through a glass roof, after he had, apparently in a fit of somnambulism or mental aberration, walked out of the window of his bedroom at the Verdon Hotel, Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A trade demonstration, largely attended by both Orangemen and Nationalists, was held in Derry. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed.

Patrick Murray, aged 48, died at the Royal Hospital, Belfast, from the effects of injuries received, it is alleged, during a quarrel with his wife at North Queen street.

During a strong westerly gale on the North of Ireland coast a yacht's boat was swamped at Ballymoney, and one of the crew, named Charles Bayley, Southsea, was drowned.

While some policemen were on duty in the mountains between Mountfield and Broughacry, Tyrone, they very unexpectedly came upon a large illicit distillery carefully concealed in a cornfield in the townland of Liskinshule.

A young man named James Donnelly has been arrested in Belfast charged with having stabbed a barman named Loughery.

At Dungannon, the revision court for the Pomeroy polling district of the division was held before Matthew Bourke, B.L., revising barrister. The Nationalists were represented by Mr. Reynolds, M.P., assisted by the Rev. P. Slevin, P.P., Pomeroy; Rev. Thos. McWilliams, C.C.; Messrs. John Grimes and John McGuirk; the Unionists were represented by John R. Atkinson, solicitor, Portadown. A number of Nationalists were admitted during the day.

WHAT IS A COLD in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying; it is equal true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labelled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Oct. 2, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$7,474,887.09
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.		8,380.03
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50,000 00
U. S. bonds on hand par value		100,000 00
Other bonds, par value		11,000.00
Due from other National banks	$875,417.97	
Due from State banks and bankers	250,905 53	
	$1,126 323.50	
Exchanges for clearing house	745 828 61	
Bills of other banks	35,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	4,469 97	
Specie	1,119 000 00	
Legal-tender notes	400 000 00	
U.S.certificates of deposit for legal tenders	590 600 00	
	$2,894 296.58	4,920,622 08
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$11,667,139.20

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund		700,000 00
Undivided profits		170,349.25
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		10,490.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$5,879,028 14	
Demand certificates of deposit	440,098 68	
Certified checks	179,041 47	
Cashier's checks outstanding	72,654.03	
	$6,571,442.22	
Due to other National banks	2,059 249.64	
Due to State banks and bankers	1,110,627.99	
	$3 169,877.63	9,741.299 95
Total		$11,667,139.20

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.—I, William A. Hammond, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1890. ARNOLD HEAP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: CHARLES R. COE WITH, GEORGE SCHNEIDER, WILLIAM R. PAGE, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Oct. 2, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$17,053,341.43
Overdrafts		7,440.97
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
United States bonds on hand		4 550.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		947,180.00
Banking house		500,000.00
From other national [illegible]	$2,999,940.00	
From State banks [illegible] bankers	1,620,963.09	
Real estate and other cash [illegible]	6,742.19	
Exchanges for Clearing [illegible]	1,554,313.11	
Bills of other banks	182,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and [illegible]	14,376.62	
Specie	4,831,202.00	
Legal-tender notes	1,100,000.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	19,000.00	
		12,330,787.01
Total		$30 893,296.71

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		2,000,000.00
Undivided profits		494,459.88
Dividends unpaid		20,529.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$11,008,399.98	
Demand certificates of deposit	1 095.794.76	
Certified checks	371,833 96	
Cashier's checks outstanding	46,280.29	
Due to other national banks	3,202,696.74	
Due to State banks and bankers	4,653,345 10	
		25,378 309.83
Total		$30,893,296.71

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.—I, Henry R. Symonds, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. HENRY R. SYMONDS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of October, 1890. O. HECKHAM, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: L. J. GAGE. SAMUEL W. ALLERTON, H. H. PORTER, Directors.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
79 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN NACHTEN. M. J. NACHTEN.

JOHN NACHTEN & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

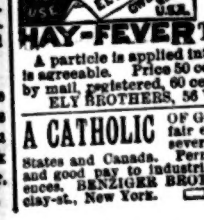
Hibernia Insurance Company,

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

TELEPHONE NO. 523.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

A CATHOLIC OF GOOD HABITS AND fair education wanted in several sections of United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References. BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay-st., New York.

A WINNING WORK.

Compendium of Press Criticisms of Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac."

The Leading American, Irish and British Newspapers Praise It.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs, able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc. should be made payable

A COOL MILLION.

"A cool million!" said Mrs. Archbald, of New York, orotundly. "I know it is not less than a cool million." She was very exact, you will observe, in stating the precise temperature of this large sum of money.

She meant John Warbeck's fortune, made in Colorado, with which he was now on his way after long years of absence to his sister's house. There certainly never was a family in such a state of excitement over a coming event as Warbeck's now. Nothing else had been talked of for weeks. The only person who appeared at the least bit calm was Mr. Archbald, but that is how you know, was a matter of course.

After his wife had spoken the above words he folded up the letter he had been reading, sheathed it in its envelope, and resumed his breakfast.

Mrs. Archbald eyed him impatiently for some time, and then said rather severely: "Well, Mr. Archbald, if you can find time to tell me, I should like to know what my brother John says. When will he arrive? Pray don't choke!"

"To-morrow morning," answered the old gentleman, "but not with a cool million."

"Something very near it then—only a little less."

"Considerably less, my dear—a twenty-dollar note."

"What? Please talk sensibly, Mr. Archbald. I hate jokes and riddles: I don't understand them."

"He said he never had more than two hundred thousand dollars, and that he lost last week in St. Louis at cards. You know his weak point. He always would play. Everybody gambles at the mines. He sat up two days and two nights over the game they call faro, and left the table with fifty dollars in his pocket. When he arrives here he will have about twenty. He intends to begin the world again, and I suppose we shall have to take care of him till he can get an opening."

Mrs. Archbald had turned deadly pale. She seized her husband's letter and hastily read it through. Yes, it was quite true, and John Warbeck was coming back after so long an absence, just as he had gone—a beggar.

"Very well," said his affectionate sister, "I'll take care to teach the gentleman that this is not the almshouse. He always was a fool, but he shall find that I am not one at any rate."

Fanny eyed her mamma with some curiosity. All the past week she had heard nothing but praises of Uncle John's shrewdness and industry, and particularly of his self sacrifice and good sense in never marrying.

"If anything should happen, my love—he is old, you know, and has led a wearing life—it would—distress me beyond measure. I should never recover, I fear. But you see, Fanny, everything—positively every penny he has—would go to you. You must be very attentive to your uncle, darling."

So mamma had previously often said, and now the change of sentiment was as startling as it was sudden. Instead the new instructions were: "Your uncle has no claim upon us, child. You must take very little notice of him."

Fannie was a pretty and also a good girl, and she felt very much distressed at the idea of ill treating her poor old uncle, and so when Lucius Mallory came that evening she confided everything to him.

Lucius was her admirer, under strong protests from the maternal head of the house, as his pecuniary prospects were at present rather dismal, but he was allowed to visit the young lady once or twice a week, strictly as a friend, and I think it needs no conjurer to tell us that the two young people were not dreaming of any such thing as marriage. As to the ring in the little trunk up stairs, kept always locked up, where it came from and what it meant, I express no opinion.

"Indeed it would be a shame, and really a sin, Fannie," said Lucius firing up, for he was young and chivalrous. "If you must treat the old gentleman coolly in public—I mean before your mamma—you ought to let him know the reason in private."

And this is just what Fannie determined to do.

So the next morning Uncle John arrived. He was tall and raw boned and gray, and certainly very rough in his appearance; but he had an honest, smiling face, and a wonderfully hearty way about him that certainly would have won the kindness and sympathy of almost anybody except Mrs. William Archbald.

William Archbald himself shook hands with the old man, and was rather cordial despite the menacing eye of his wife; but she was grand and distant, and assuredly so marked in her bearing that its meaning could not be misunderstood.

When Fannie kissed her uncle her mamma's fingers tingled to inflict a certain nursery chastisement long disused, but the elder lady commanded her temper and only said, "Fannie, you have not watered the flowers, I think."

Uncle John seemed rather surprised. He had received reams of letters from his sister Clara imploring him to pay his long promised visit, and how he boasted to his friends of the kind hearts that were beating with so much warmth and good feeling toward him.

"They will eat me up!" he had said, over and over and over, his corded and weather beaten face radiant with happy anticipations. "It makes a fellow feel joyous to think there's somebody cares for him. Let's wind up ag'in, boys."

I fear it was because he was entirely too well wound up that he parted with his money so speedily at St. Louis. But did he care now?

"I've a home and good friends to take care of me the rest of my life," he said, and this speech considerably annoyed the gentlemen who heard it, for they remarked among themselves, "That old fogy has piles of money hidden away somewhere. What we've won isn't a drop in the ocean. Let's go for some more."

But Uncle John declined to play again, and nothing could persuade him to break his resolution. He went to bed and had a good rest, and then, as we know, started at once for his sister's.

He was surprised, as has been said, and not without cause. He really could not understand it. Had he omitted any polite form in his reintroduction to civilized society, or was the whole matter merely fancy after all? No; certainly that hauteur and those cold monosyllables were as unpleasant realities as one could experience; and that neglect by the servants, that consignment to the stuffy little attic in the back building, that second table and those cold dishes—these were the grimmest kind of facts. So in a day or two poor Uncle John was perfectly miserable. No one had anything to say to him, and he moped in his miserable little den alone, wishing he had remained at the mines, at St. Louis, anywhere, rather than have come here. But one evening there was a tap at the door which interrupted the most dismal reverie he had yet had, and who should enter but Miss Fannie!

She threw her arms around the old man's neck and began to cry a little, and he, rather bewildered, responded by such soothing words as he could command; and presently she said: "Oh, Uncle John, what must you think of us all? You are treated so badly! I am going to tell you the truth, dear Uncle John; it's mamma's fault. Lucius says it's a sin and a shame, and so it is, and I won't encourage or take part in it."

There was a good deal more sobbing, rather unintelligible and very afflicting to the listener, but the truth soon peeped out, and John Warbeck in a flash saw all.

The revelation was the greatest grief of his life. His sister, the pretty, kind Clara of long ago, changed to this!

"She loved my money and not me!" he thought. "It is worth a quarter of a million, and more, to find out a thing like this. Now, what shall I do about it?"

Fannie's countenance soon cleared up, seeing he was more cheerful, and so they talked a long time in the soft twilight of that little room, and she told him, as he tenderly smoothed her pretty hair, a little secret. It was, of course, something in regard to Lucius. She and Lucius were secretly engaged to be married.

"And you see this pretty ring, Uncle John? Well, he gave me that—isn't it beautiful?—and it's a pledge, you know, of his fidelity and truth. We are going to wait for each other ever so long!"

And, truly they were, if poor Fannie was going to wait for the accumulation of that "easy competence" upon which her mamma insisted as a sine qua non, but which as yet was a thing seriously projected and not begun.

All this was very delightful to old John Warbeck, a poetical romance in which he instantly became profoundly interested, to the entire exclusion of his own affairs. He got up, went over to his trunk, and took from that capacious receptacle a pair of old fashioned earrings and a breastpin. The breastpin was a large locket set with diamonds, and there was a faded daguerreotype in it of a lady—some one, perhaps, whom Uncle John had once admired.

"Yours, my child," he said, tenderly pinning the gift to her dress, and placing the earrings in her hand. "When you look at them sometimes you'll think of old Uncle John, won't you?"

These things were antique enough, it is true, but worth I dare not calculate how much. Fannie kissed her uncle so often, between crying and laughing, that for the first time he realized the coveted sensation of "being eaten up." And so she left him and slipped down stairs to show them to mamma.

Mrs. Archbald's large eyes opened in the greatest amazement.

"The handsomest I ever saw!" she ejaculated with a gasp; and that evening John Warbeck was invited to sup with the family—"to try the fried chicken!"

Somehow he had a sort of instinct that enabled him to see humiliation in anything that savored of resentment, and so he complied and greatly relished the fried chicken. Fannie's little confidence, however, was not without its effect. He no longer remained moping in his room, but went out every morning with great regularity, and seldom returned till nightfall. He also became very intimate with Lucius, and whatever their secrets were, Fannie, I suspect, was not excluded from sharing them.

"Clara," said Mr. Archbald one day to his wife, "who do you think I met in Spurrier's banking house this morning, making a deposit, too?"

"I don't know, Mr. Archbald, I'm sure."

"John Warbeck."

"John!"

Her husband nodded. Mrs. Archbald became thoughtful, and something startling seemed to have occurred to her. That night John Warbeck was agreeably surprised to find that he was no longer to occupy the little back attic room.

"Why you will insist on that horrid room, John, I can't imagine," said his sister, "when you know there are three or four vacant chambers on the second floor."

"Well, Clara, it's all one to me," he answered good humoredly; "but, now that we are alone, I want to be frank with you. I've been here for some time, and—and it"— he hesitated—"it goes against my grain to live at any place without paying for my accommodation, you know. I don't feel independent. Now, here's a hundred dollars—not for my board, you know, Clara—but just as a present. I want you to buy a dress or something with it."

"John Warbeck," said Mrs. Archbald indignantly, "I do not deserve this insult. Your home is here as long as mine is here. I felt honored—I felt touched, John," she continued, tears starting to her eyes, "when you wrote that you intended to spend the evening of your days under my roof; and now to offer money—to your own and only sister—who has always loved you"——

And she quite broke down and sobbed violently.

John put away the money and soothed her as well as he knew how, but she left him apparently deeply wounded.

By the time she reached her husband's study her feelings were evidently under better control, for she burst in upon that elderly gentleman, who was quietly reading his paper, with the words, "William Archbald, you always would have your own way, and now see the result! My poor brother, John Warbeck, has been in this house weeks—weeks, sir—and treated like a dog! You would have us all believe he was a pauper, though I knew from the first he was a man of enormous wealth! He is worth a cool million to-day if he is worth a penny!"

"Do you think so, my dear?" gasped William Archbald, truly astonished.

"I was sure of it from the first, and but for you, Mr. Archbald, would have pursued a very different course from the shameful one you have made your family follow. It was only a little subterfuge on John Warbeck's part. His fortune is intact, and he only wished to test us. Eccentric wealthy people do these sort of things every day."

"Bless me! Do they?" ejaculated the old gentleman in real wonderment. "Well, let us make amends as quickly as possible. He is not gone yet, luckily."

"It will be difficult, I fear, to repair the harm done, but I shall try, for our dear Fannie's sake. He is very fond of her; that is evident from his giving her that handsome present. And who else can he leave his money to? I consider it settled upon her already; and so, by the way, that young Mallory had better cease his visit here. He keeps more eligible people away; and now that Fannie is such a distinguished heiress," continued Mrs. Archbald, rather sanguinely, "she must make a most brilliant match."

"But," timidly suggested Mr. Archbald, "hadn't you better find out if your brother really contemplates leaving her all his fortune? Nothing like being on the safe side, you know."

"I shall attend to that, Mr. Archbald, as I do to everything else that concerns the interest of this family," answered the lady, with gloomy sarcasm.

Thus it happened that John Warbeck was sent for that evening by his sister, and pressed to pass an hour or so in the parlor listening to "dear Fannie's music. She plays so beautifully, John, and I think it so unkind that you have never expressed a wish to hear her."

Poor Uncle John had never had the audacity to even dream of entering such a sacred spot as the parlor. However, he accepted the present invitation gratefully, and Fannie played all the lively airs she knew—he liked simple and cheerful music—for an hour, and then mamma contrived to get the man alone near the window, where they could not be overheard, and diplomatic proceedings began.

"My dear girl will be a treasure to the man she marries: don't you think so, John?"

"Deed do I, Clara; and I fancy I can guess who'll be the lucky fellow that'll get her," answered Uncle John, making free somewhat on the prompting of recent events.

"You surely don't mean young Mallory?"

"I do, indeed; and he's worthy of her. He's a treasure, that young man is, Clara, honest and industrious; and if he marries Fannie he'll become a rich man, mark me."

"What does he mean by that?" thought mamma. "But he is too poor at present, John; nothing but a trifling salary."

"So he may be," laughed her brother; "but he ain't dead yet, nor is he aged. They're suited for each other, sister, and somebody ought to help 'em to come together."

Mrs. Archbald became radiant. She laid her hand gently on John's arm, and leaning toward his shoulder said, with ever so sly an emphasis, "And would you help them, John?"

"I'd be proud to do it, Clara. I tell you if I was to see those two married I'd leave 'em everything I have. Now, what would you do for 'em, sister?"

He looked her rather defiantly in the eyes, smiling, and yet sharply, too, and it was as if he were playing his favorite game of "poker" and had just bet on a good hand.

Mrs. Archbald often said she was a business woman, and let us admit it in justice.

She answered: "John, if you promise me to make your will in Fannie's favor, leaving her at your—in fact, at your decease—everything, I will not only consent to her marriage with Lucius Mallory, but will see that Mr. Archbald shall settle upon them $20,000 on the day the wedding takes place."

"Done!" cried John Warbeck. "I want the use of my money during my lifetime; but at my death every penny I leave shall go to them."

And so two months afterward Lucius and Fannie were made man and wife, and began their matrimonial experience upon a handsome capital. The greater portion of this Lucius invested directly in accordance with the advice of John Warbeck, who carried on a branch business in Colorado, whither he had returned. A great deal of money was made, and things were going smoothly as could be wished, when poor Uncle John died. His will was eagerly opened, and it was found true to his word, that he had left Fannie everything.

The fortune amounted to several hundred dollars, which he had accumulated first by working as a clerk while he lived in New York with his affectionate sister, which was what occupied him all day so mysteriously, and second by acting as Lucius Mallory's agent in Colorado afterward. Mrs. Archbald was naturally very indignant. She felt that she had been imposed upon; but this was not the case, for John Warbeck had fully carried out his bargain.

Several hundred dollars you will find a very respectable sum of money if you happen to be in need, and the amount is not accessible, but, after all, it is really not quite so magnificent a thing to contemplate as "A Cool Million."—New York World.

Reason Enough.

"Why don't you marry one of them. Don't they know enough?"

"Yes, they 'no' too much."—Life.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shad ws, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate—
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
—James Shirley

A BUSINESS IN ALLIGATORS.

The Chief Differences Between That Beast and the Big Crocodile.

To gain one's daily bread by means of alligators must be at all times a fairly precarious method of existence, and yet the colored man of Florida does manage to pick up many an honest penny by means of the American saurian. The taxidermist finds, too, in the alligator his opportunity; and though a ten foot 'gator never can be very desirable, even when stuffed, little 'gators properly prepared and mounted are in good demand, and are brought home in quantity by the northern tourist.

We need not find fault with nature, and tax her with having slighted us in the crocodileans. If in India there is the gavial, in Egypt there is the crocodile, and in America the alligator and the cayman. It can hardly be questioned but that we have on this continent both the crocodile and the alligator. The main point of difference, according to Mr. Hornaday, between the crocodile and the alligator is as follows: "A crocodile is distinguished by a triangular head, of which the snout is the apex, a narrow muzzle and canine teeth in the lower jaw, which pass freely upward in the notches in the side of the upper; whereas the alligator (also cayman or sacare) has a broad, flat muzzle, and the canine teeth of the lower jaw fit into sockets in the under surface of the upper jaw."

The business of collecting the skins of alligators has already somewhat diminished the quantity of these saurians in certain parts of Florida, but they are still to be found in large numbers further inland. It is barely supposable that alligators ever will become extinct in Florida while those vast interior lakes and swamps exist. A visit paid by a naturalist to Florida was convincing that alligators were still very abundant. To kill an alligator, however, is by no means as difficult as to secure him.

The 'gators bask in the sun on the long stretches of sand, but they are never quite asleep. They always seem to be on their guard, and repose never very far from the water, with their heads pointing in the direction of flight.

Gathering eggs requires some skill, because the saurian mother has a clever way of hiding her trail. Sometimes as many as forty eggs are found in a nest a few inches below the level. It is not the invariable habit of the mother to pack into the nest decayed vegetable matter in order to add to the heat. Generally the warmth of the sun is sufficient.

The eggs have a slight musky flavor, and an experiment once made with an omelette of alligator eggs suffices. To eat 'gator is unknown, and endeavors in this direction have never been repeated. Mr. Hornaday tells, however, of having eaten the South American variety, where the feed was fish, and declares "that the flesh was white, tender, free from all disagreeable musky odors and toothsome as the nicest roast veal."

It is with a due consideration of the size of the alligator as to whether you will take a seat on him or not. His jaws are not so much to be dreaded as a lash of his tail.

"Ky, massa! you no wantee fres' 'gator dis mornin'?" is about the cry of the vender of baby alligators in Jacksonville as he plunges his hand into a bucket swung on one arm and hauls out a little, ugly, squirming, snapping monster. These little 'gators may have been found by their owner just emerging from their nests, or he may have secured them as eggs and hatched them out himself. The infant saurians show their natural instinct early and will bite at once.

An alligator is a queer pet, and to tame an adult seems to be quite impossible. If intelligence is proportioned to bulk of brain that of the alligator is especially small. In dissecting a large sized alligator the brain substance will barely fill an egg cup. We are not to look upon a 'gator as capable of any attachments. When young (after having had some of their teeth drawn) they are occasionally seen about houses.—Harper's Weekly.

A Four-Year-Old Hamlet.

Harold's whole family are addicted to much quoting from various authors, and the little 4-year-old has absorbed many of these extracts into his active little brain.

One day when he had been unusually mischievous his grandma exclaimed in despair:

"There! I never did see such a boy!"

Whereupon the little Hamlet piped up briskly:

"Well, take him for all in all, grandma, you ne'er shall look upon his like again!"—Exchange.

The Secret of Health.

It is a common remark that farmers, as a class, are more healthy than other people—I mean farmers who till their own soil with their own hands. They exercise in the open air. The word exercise contains the secret of their superior health. By setting free the waste particles which have become useless the system is relieved from a certain source of disease.—Dr. Walker in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

LOBSTER AND COD CULTURE.

A New Departure in the Propagation of the Shellfish.

It is very probable that unless we have resort to artificial culture to replenish our lobster fisheries there will be a marked decline in Nova Scotia's output during the next few years. Already Newfoundland is ahead of us in this branch of fish culture, for under the management of Adolph Nielsen, a Norwegian expert, "the ancient colony" has taken a new departure in the propagation of cod and lobsters. In a recent article Rev. Moses Harvey writes that the fish hatchery on the shore of Trinity bay is the largest in the world for the propagation of codfish and lobsters, and capable of hatching 300,000,000 of cod and 200,000,000 lobsters in a single season.

A single mother lobster can stow away no less than 20,000 eggs, and she carries these about with her until they are ripened and hatched. The lobster trapper takes these mother fish and carries them to the factory, where they are thrown into boiling water, and of course the eggs are destroyed. The quantity of lobster ova that perish in this way is beyond all calculation, and is one great cause of depleted fisheries.

Mr. Harvey thus describes Mr. Nielsen's ingenious methods: He gets the female lobster at the factories before they are boiled, and with a sort of spoon constructed for the purpose he strips the eggs from the fibrils and returns the lobster uninjured. He takes the eggs, which are not nearly so delicate as those of the cod, and places them in the incubators, where the water is kept in constant motion.

After a time, longer or shorter according to the degree of ripeness they have reached before being removed from the mother, these ova are hatched. With some of them only two days are required; in the case of others less advanced a month or even two months may be needed to hatch them. Unlike the cod the young lobster must be fed, for it has no yolk sac to feed on when it breaks from the shell. Mussels chopped fine, with occasionally a few yolks of eggs, furnish food on which they grow rapidly, and in five or six days they have gone through their first shelling and are fit to be set free in the water to pick up their own living.

Mr. Nielsen has invented floating incubators to be placed in the water near the lobster factories which are scattered around the shores. In these incubators the eggs are placed and attended to by men properly instructed. He has 432 of these floating incubators distributed this year at thirteen different stations—thirty-six at each. They are reported to be working admirably. There would be no serious difficulty involved in making similar experiments upon our own coast, and we understand that the energetic minister of marine already has the project under consideration.—Halifax Herald.

Selling the Queen a Tombstone.

Mr. Andrews came pretty near selling the queen a sample of his marble—that would have been a great thing for him. He was telling me all about it the other day.

"O. R. Johnson, the vice consul," said he, "got me a card to the queen's drawing room in May, and I went to it attired in a court dress which I hired at a shop in Bond street. There was an awful crush, but I contrived to get pretty near the head of the procession by tipping a sixpence to the lord chancellor of the privy chamber. I bowed and kissed the queen's hand in great shape; told her I had always admired and sympathized with her—that I particularly revered her for her devotion to the memory of the departed. My words seemed to touch her deeply. She answered that it was her determination to keep that memory forever green. 'In that case,' said I, 'let me give you a pointer—buy a fifty foot slab of my verd-antique marble!'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"She didn't say anything," replied Mr. Andrews, "but a rude fat man in gilt lace and a cocked hat told me to keep moving on around to the left. I'd have closed a sale if it hadn't been for him."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

In the Cushing's Fire Room.

Very few of those who watched the torpedo boat Cushing as she took her spins around the harbor, or as she appeared in her cradle in the dry dock, realized how trying is service on board the little vessel, even in time of peace. When the Cushing is under way the temperature in the little engine room gets up to anywhere from 130 to 150 degs., and in the narrow quarters wherein the twenty-three officers and men are stowed the thermometer for hours at a time will register 100. But such things must be when you put 1,700 horse power machinery into a boat of only ninety tons displacement and the safety valves are set to blow off at 350. The fire room of the Cushing when she is making her highest speed, 31.4 miles an hour, must give the unfortunate men in it a vivid idea of how salamanders feel.—Boston Transcript.

Hide Tommy Sometimes.

Mr. Dashboard Poore the other evening invited a few friends to dinner. During the repast Howells, one of the guests, while roaring over one of Poore's bon mots, accidentally knocked one of those fashionable hock glasses off the table, and it smashed upon the floor. No one seemed to take notice of the incident except Tommy, the precocious pride of his mother's heart, who exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it's one of those glasses we borrowed from Mr. Robinson, next door."—Jewelers' Circular.

Making Use of Wrecks.

In Chatham it will be noticed that there are on many barns and many outbuildings signs which, to the uninitiated, are, of themselves, meaningless. They have fantastic names carved upon them, such as "Flying Cloud," "Marguerite," etc. They are all that are left of once gallant ships that have been wrecked on the bars and shoals off Chatham. Many there are of these.—Provincetown Beacon.

IDEAS OF HELL.

Different Places Where the Good of Many Nations Have Located It.

We give a summary of the "hell" opinions of many religions and that of a famous astronomer: The hell of the ancient heathens was divided into two mansions—Elysium on the right hand, which was the abode of good men's souls; Tartarus on the left, a region of misery and torment, the awful abode of the damned. The ancient philosophers were of the opinion that the infernal regions were at an equal distance from all parts of the earth, which may be the foundation of the modern idea of hell being in the center of the earth.

The people of Hermione, contrary to the usual belief that one's own country is the best in the world, thought that it was a very short distance from their shores to the "lake that burneth for ever and ever;" for this reason the people of that country never put money in the mouths of their dead to pay passage to the land of oblivion. The ancient Jews placed hell in the center of the earth.

According to them, there were three passages leading to it; the first the wilderness, by which route Dathan, Korah and Abiram descended; the second is the sea, because it is written that "Jonah cried to God out of the belly of hell;" the third passage is in Jerusalem, because it is said "the fire of the Lord is in Zion, and his furnace is in Jerusalem." Mohammed said that hell has seven gates; the first for the Mussulman, the second for the Christians, the third for the Jews, the fourth for the Sabeans, the fifth for the Magians, the sixth for the Pagans and the seventh for the hypocrites of all religions.

Among modern philosophical opinions that of Mr. Whiston, the English scholar, was perhaps the most unique. The comets, according to Whiston, are so many hells appointed in their orbits to alternately carry the damned into the confines of the sun, and then to return them beyond the orb of Saturn, there to starve them in the regions of dismal cold.

Among the Christians there are two controverted questions in regard to hell—one concerning its locality, the other the duration of its torments.—St. Louis Republic.

Three Hundred Stones Inside of Him.

Sir Charles Hall, a celebrated physician of the Seventeenth century, relates an extraordinary case of a man who accustomed himself to swallow stones.

This man, Thomas Gobsill by name, and about 26 years of age, had for some time suffered from colic, till a sympathetic friend advised him to swallow small, round pebbles. He followed the prescription and obtained relief. On being seized some months afterward by a violent return of his complaint he swallowed nine stones, and as these had no effect, repeated the dose until about 300 pebbles had accumulated in his interior. He endured their presence for two and a half years before submitting himself to Sir Charles Hall. Sir Charles found the stones were situated in the lower part of the body, and on shaking his patient he could hear them rattle.

His first experiment was to suspend the sufferer by his feet, in the hope that the stones might be shaken out of him. This met with no success. Nor did medicine have any effect. The man was unable to work without pain, and suffered much uneasiness at all times.—Nottingham (England) Sun.

THROWING THE DART.

AN ODD IRISH CUSTOM WHICH TAKES PLACE NEAR CORK.

The Ceremony Dates Back Hundreds of Years—It Occurs Whenever a New Mayor of the City Is Elected—Queenstown Harbor Is Crowded at the Time.

Several New Yorkers were fortunate enough while waiting for the American steamer at Queenstown to witness the performance of a curious and ancient rite by the mayor of Cork to which some of them had been specially invited, the American consul there, John J. Piatt, taking a prominent part in the ceremony. This curious survival of feudal forms is called "throwing the dart."

Its origin is lost in the twilight of antiquity, but it undoubtedly had some significance in ancient times, long before firearms were invented and when darts, bows and arrows, arquebuses and other such mechanical instruments of destruction were the only known weapons in warfare. Cork being one of the oldest cities in Europe its civic constitution involves many strange customs unknown in any other town of the world, but of these the throwing of the dart is among the strangest.

By the ancient charter of the city its head man is not only mayor, but admiral of the port as well, and this port, embracing Queenstown, has especial interest for Americans because, next to New York, it is the most important port of American traffic in the world. The old charter of Cork, which is one of the most ancient documents in Ireland, is a curiosity of municipal documents.

One of its provisions requires one of the city officials, attendant upon the mayor, to wear on formal occasions "a remarkable hat." The hat which this dignitary wears annually is certainly remarkable, for it is nearly three feet in height, sloping gradually toward the top, made of brown fur, and with a straight brim.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY.

By the charter of Cork the mayor is required at stated intervals many years apart to go out to the entrance of the harbor in "the corporation barge," and there, attired in his robes of office and attended by the chief dignitaries of the city, to throw a dart out to sea, and the place where it falls in the water is to mark the limits of his jurisdiction as admiral of the port. The origin of this custom is so ancient that very few people nowadays know what a dart is.

The one used on this occasion was a handsome weapon with a shaft of polished mahogany over six feet in length, with broad bronze barbs weighted with shot and feathers of bronze, and on the end a bronze shamrock bearing the arms of the city, the name of the mayor and the date.

Of late years the ceremony of throwing the dart has been neglected, but the present mayor of Cork, evidently being determined to comply with every requirement of his office, prepared to celebrate the event upon a grander scale than ever before. Instead of the corporation barge, another civic institution, created centuries before steamboats were known and now relegated out of existence, a large steamboat was hired and nearly a thousand invitations were issued, while a band and an elaborate luncheon were provided.

Besides Mr. Piatt, the American consul at Cork, many Americans were present, and it was recalled that the last time the ceremony was performed it was witnessed by Congressman Patrick Collins, of Massachusetts, who was returning from a trip to Europe at the time.

The sea was perfectly calm on the day of the ceremony. On the way down the beautiful River Lee the steamer stopped at Blackrock castle, where the mayors in ancient times held an admiralty court, and here Mayor Daniel Horgan, with several of the aldermen, stepped ashore and walked to high water mark to assert their jurisdiction over the river, in accordance with another ancient custom.

MANY DARTS WASTED.

The steamer Commissioner, with the party aboard, then steamed out between the forts at the entrance to the harbor, and in a perfectly smooth sea came to a stand at a line drawn between Poer and Cork heads, more than fifteen miles from Cork. The mayor then took his stand upon the bow, dressed in his robes and chains of office, and with the long and heavy dart in his right hand made a brief address to the guests, who included bishops, members of parliament and representatives of foreign government.

He welcomed the Americans present in the name of the city, and said that the dart was such a heavy one that he did not think he could add much to his previous jurisdiction. After speaking of the antiquity of this picturesque custom he turned, and, amid great cheering, threw the dart into the sea, where it landed thirty feet from the vessel and immediately sank. Several amateur photographers were present.

The steamer then proceeded to Rostellan castle, upon which a flag with the arms of the city was flying, and where all present were entertained by Sir John Pope Hennessy and Lady Hennessy.

The ceremony of throwing the dart is performed on the spot which the American steamers cross when entering Queenstown harbor, and it has been repeated for so many times that it is estimated there must be nearly a hundred darts at the bottom of the ocean.—New York World.

The Penalty of Wearing Diamonds.

"If I wear my diamond earrings much longer when I go shopping I shall be ruined," said a careful little wife to her lord.

"How so?" he asked.

"Why," said she, "when I go to the butcher's he always looks at my ears before he says how much the meat will cost, and if he sees the diamonds he sticks on an extra ten or twenty cents, I know. Thinks he ought to get a dividend on the diamonds, I suppose."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Voice

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 N Indiana st; Hugh P Morea, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2937 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 839 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 371 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 262 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 40th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denllauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Saturdays in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S Mayst; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1029 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1089 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Moninger, F S; M W Foln, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenhan, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 34th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashendon, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lamb, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovasen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 186 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Euler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vean, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 2d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 283 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 223 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 616 Larrabee st; J Kavanaugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 509 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St. Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 506 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Vean, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelle, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Vean, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A J Teaty, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 2013 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneaux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanaugh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 619 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec.; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3235 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 961 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 969 S Halsted-st; P. F. Madigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 672 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres. M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doian, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 326 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 61 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Flanigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Regehahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., O A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 126 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., F. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John R. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each months at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 351 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4436 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1311 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 508 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Brown, Newton, Kas.

John Patten, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Ercelidor, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donahue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Daniel Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Landay, 823 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES KERN,

Democratic Candidate for County Treasurer.

The Democratic nominee for Treasurer of Cook County, Mr. Charles Kern, is probably as widely and as favorably known to the people and the voters of Cook County as any one of the candidates presented on either ticket.

A citizen of Chicago since 1865, he has been a conspicuous figure in politics. In 1868 and subsequently in 1870 and 1872 he was the nominee of the Democratic party for the Shrievalty, and though failing of an election he ran ahead of his ticket in every instance. The "odds" were too great.

In 1876—that memorable year when Samuel J. Tilden carried the banner of Democracy—Mr. Kern was again, and unanimously, nominated for the same office, and came in first under the wire—the only Democrat elected of the whole county ticket.

After serving his term of Sheriff to the satisfaction of the public, he devoted his attention to his private business interests. Mr. Kern is a member of the Cook County Democracy, who elected him their President for two terms. He is also a member of the Iroquois Club, which he served in the capacity of Vice President.

Socially, Mr. Kern is connected with several sporting clubs, with the Masonic fraternity, and a number of purely social clubs, in all of which he has succeeded in making hosts of friends by reason of his gentlemanly bearing and his genial, affable manner.

Neither in private nor in society life, neither in business nor in political life can aught be said against the character and integrity of the Democratic nominee for County Treasurer. An unsullied record of twenty-five years in this community, such as his, offers ample security that he will uphold this record after his election to the Treasurership.

A Splendid Opportunity.

CLEARING SALE OF FINE WALL PAPERS.

Will close out lots of French, English and American Goods at Half Their Value.

POSITIVE BARGAINS.

W. P. NELSON & CO.,

193 WABASH AVENUE.

The October St. Nicholas, 1890.

Noticeable in this month's *St. Nicholas* is the article "Through a Detective Camera," written by Mr. Black, the well-known amateur, and illustrated with characteristic bits of child life; the street scenes are as perfect as insects in amber; the hokey-pokey ice cream man is a *genre* picture complete, and his Italian baby is a history of a downtrodden race in miniature. Frederic Villiers, the famous English war correspondent, tells of his narrow escape from asphyxia, because of a "copper brazier" containing crude charcoal used in warming an inn room at a Servian hotel. Mr. Villiers' forcible and peculiar drawings fully illustrate his text.

A real juvenile story is "Betty's By and By," in which Julie Lippmann tells a heedless heroine's experiences in that great rendezvous of procrastination. Mr. Bensell's quietly humorous drawing shows the youthful postponers engaged in squaring their accounts. Another story with a sly moral administered in a well flavored medium is "The Gwynnes' Little Donkey," by Kate Woodbridge Michaelis. This tells of the substitution of a pet donkey for the overworked drudge of a tinker's cart. It is the sort of story that is sure to make young people think, and yet not set them to worrying.

A novelty is "An Old English Folk-song," an application of Wagner's principles of operatic composition to the awful crime of that little peddler "whose name was Stout." It is more, however, than a musical joke, for the musical composition is of unusual merit.

Other features are a short illustrated life of Edward the Sixth; a toothsome poem by James Whitcomb Riley; a bright story by J. O. Davidson, telling how a Yankee with a rifle proved himself a match for a Chilian torpedo boat; a clever poem designed to teach the hollowness of kings' and queens' grandeur, and many other bright pictures, clever hits in verse, well sustained departmental attractions, and all the serials. The man who cannot find interesting reading in this number should consult his physician.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 25 cents a person. Dancing Soirees, Wednesday evenings, 25 cents per couple. The hall will be open for engagements on Saturday evenings, and the society hall for two or three evenings every week.

CLINE & KELLY, Proprietors.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

A Strong Democratic Opinion.

BOSTON, Oct. 2.—*To the Editor of the Inter Ocean:* Information comes to me at this point of the nomination of Edward Maher for the office of county judge. Mr. Maher I have known intimately for at least five years. I consider him eminently fitted for the office to which he has been nominated by the Republicans of Cook county. Wise would it be for the people, regardless of party considerations, to elevate him to the office of county judge. I say this both as a lawyer and Democrat. Although politically one of the "strictest of my sect," yet would I gladly see Mr. Maher in the judicial office, because I know that he would honor and adorn it. Whenever any citizen is convinced of a lawyer's fitness as such for this honorable position that citizen should cast his ballot accordingly, regardless of political opinions. Mr. Maher is a self made man in the best sense of the term. Of his own effort he possessed himself of a generous and varied culture. He is *en rapport* with and thoroughly devoted to his profession. His study of it has been earnest and indefatigable. I believe, in view of his integrity of purpose and general adaptibility to the position, that he would give fullest satisfaction to the Chicago bar and the people of Cook county. Mr. Maher is a Republican, but above all he is a lawyer. In sympathies he is broad; in principles, he is just; in judgment, he is impartial. Respectfully,

JOHN CAMERON SIMONDS.

HENRY WULFF,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

Mr. Wulff was born of German parentage, and received a good education. He took an early, and active, interest in politics, and has faithfully served the people during his first term as Clerk of the County Court.

H. R. EAGLE

Clothes Racks, each	9 cents
Wire Soap Dish, each	3 cents
Tea or Coffee Pot Strainers, each	2 cents
Polished Cake Turners, each	3 cents
1-lb Package Pearline for	7 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll	4 cents
A 3-lb Can California Pears for	19 cents
A 3-lb Can California Gold Drop Plums for	12½ cents
A 3-lb Can California Green Gages for	12½ cents
A 3-lb Can California Asparagus	10 cents
A 2-lb Can Sugar Corn for	7 cents
A 3-lb Can Solid Meat Tomatoes	7 cents
¼-lb Can Ground Black Pepper	5 cents
Imported Edam Cheese, each	59 cents

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1 50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 80
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	12½c	1 40
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	15c	1 70
2-lb cans Advance Corn	8c	80
2-lb cans Princess SugarCorn	9c	90
2 lb cans Tremain SugarCorn	10c	1 10
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25

This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans Alaska Salmon	9c	1.05
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1-lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	11c	1 20
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	17c	2 00
American Sardines in oil	5c	58
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 15
Imported Sardines, in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

FLOUR.

At this season of the year flour made from all old wheat is worth at least a dollar a barrel more than that made from new wheat. We have 3,000 barrels of flour bought and delivered to us before this year's crop of Minnesota wheat was harvested, so that there can be no doubt of its being all old wheat. The following are the prices we make on both old and new wheat flour:

	Barrel.
New Wheat Flour—	
Winter Wheat	$4.98
Washburn's Superlative Patent	5.78
Flour Made from All Old Wheat—	
Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour	5.78
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour	6.28

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour	5.18

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb.....25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb.....35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb.....50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb. 35 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb. 35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb. 50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb. 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb. 35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb.....50 cents

SOAPS.

40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
23 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

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SMITH, JOHN M., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 158 160, 162 & 164 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.50 per cord delivered. Office and Yard 308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

SULLIVAN BROS., Lawyers, 225 Dearborn-st., Suite 620. Mechanics', Laborers', and Material-men's Liens Enforced.

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O'BRIEN, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 349 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Headquarters for Imported Dilisk, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

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Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing-Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

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KNIGHT'S
Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 253 Broadway, N.Y.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. November Term, 1890. To Jay C. Newman and to all whom it may concern:

Take Notice that Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman have filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman, or some other fit person as conservators of Jay C. Newman, an insane or distracted person; the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the November term, A. D. 1890, on Monday, the 17th day of November A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

Chicago, October 13, 1890.

Wing, Stough, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioners.

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